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This Week

According to the editor of the *Spectator*, there are as many different kinds of journalism as there are lives to a cat. Many of these types are to be found in his own country, and he points to the *Daily Herald*, the *Times*, the *Daily Telegraph*, and the Rothermere press as various examples. All the more eager and earnest of English editors — and their number is legion — have been profoundly disturbed about the syndication of their papers. But Mr. Strachey bids them be of good cheer, as the *Times* is carrying on.

* * *

In Italy there are only three kinds of newspaper: the violently national, the hypocritically liberal, and the intelligently pro-English. The trouble, says 'A German Correspondent,' is that all the ideas come from France and all the editors are Fascisti.

* * *

Petrograd can be described only in superlative terms. After ten fierce years the city is at last settling down to the slow task of recuperation, with all her battle scars still showing.

* * *

It is apparently not unlikely that the Radicals will get their innings in French politics pretty soon. And, whatever may happen in the Ruhr and Central Europe, it is certain that this is going to make a stir among the foreign Francophiles.

* * *

After an absence of nine years, Siegfried Trebitsch returned to England to see Bernard Shaw. His impressions of the country are fully as interesting as his impressions of his host.

* * *

Monsieur X. is such an expert on Central European statecraft that he has written little diplomatic descriptions of the various members of the Little Entente. Czechoslovakia and Serbia want to be nice to the Russians, but Poland and Rumania are not inclined to be so cordial.

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THE LIVING AGE

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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE FRENCH SENATE ELECTIONS

EARLY this year about one third of the French Senate was renewed. While the returns failed to bear out predictions of a violent shift to the Left, they nevertheless leave the so-called Radical group in power as heretofore. Premier Poincaré himself, as a special compliment, was reëlected by 784 votes out of 810, which, in a statement issued to his constituents at Bar-le-Duc, he said he took to be a mark of confidence in him as head of the Government rather than as a Senator. 'We will pursue the policy of Reparations you have approved, pursue it with stubbornness to a pacific triumph — until the complete execution of the Versailles Treaty.'

On the whole, the situation of the Government as regards the Senate remains unchanged, its normal majority being reduced by only two votes; but as the Senators are elected indirectly, the electors themselves having been chosen some time ago, their political color suggests rather than reflects the actual shade of the country. As intended by the framers of the French Constitution, the Senate represents not so much the opinion of the moment as that of some time past — 'the sober second thought of the country.' Thus since the war the Senate, a majority of which represents popular sentiment as it was before or during the war, has been more radically inclined than the Chamber of Deputies, elected *in toto* in the fall of 1919, and the fact that the Radical group has held its own indicates that at least there will be no return toward nationalistic conservatism. On the whole, public opinion in France tends to evolve toward the Left.

The party organization of the Senate differs materially from that of the Chamber. Although the Socialist Party, for instance, has had a considerable representation in the Chamber for nearly a generation, it was only about a year ago that the first Socialist was elected to the Senate. In the recent election two Socialists were returned. Under such circumstances it is not surprising that the Communists failed to gain any seats. It is probable that they did not really expect to do so, though they had carried on a vigorous campaign, probably chiefly as a preparation for the more important election in the spring to the Chamber of Deputies.

The most prominent Radical Senator to be defeated was M. Gustave Rivet, who last spring was elected Vice-President of the Senate, but his defeat

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can be explained on the ground that he accepted the nomination for this office contrary to the wishes of his own party, which had nominated another man. Now party discipline has done its work.

The reëlection to the Presidency of the Senate of ex-Premier Gaston Doumergue, a Radical but yet a supporter of Premier Poincaré, proves still further that the situation in the Senate remains unchanged, but this does not preclude the possibility that at a given moment this Radical majority may shift to another leader. As a party, the Radical Senate group is under no compulsion to vote for Raymond Poincaré.

Another Radical leader, a Deputy, who is also close to Premier Poincaré, is Henri Franklin-Bouillon, recently sent on a mission to Russia. He is a friend of Kemal Pasha, who negotiated the Franco-Turkish Angora agreement which nearly led to a rupture between France and England over the Dardanelles.

*

A NEW REICHSBANK PRESIDENT

In Germany young forces are constantly coming to the fore. Though deposed as Chancellor, Doctor Gustav Stresemann is still Minister of Foreign Affairs, and him even the French give credit for being intelligent. The new President of the Reichsbank is another university-trained man of promise stepping into a place of responsibility. His name is Jens Hjalmar Schacht, and his forbears lived in the northern province of Schleswig-Holstein, which partly explains the Scandinavian sound of his Christian names.

'Civis,' a Berlin correspondent of the *Prager Tagblatt*, calls him 'young, robust, and eager for responsibilities. Those who know him credit him with an energy that borders on recklessness.' Born in 1877, he became, at the age of twenty-six, a deputy-director of the Dresdener Bank. In 1905 he transferred to the National Bank of Germany. The list of his directorships is long and includes some of the most important business and industrial enterprises in Germany. His specialty is monetary reform, on which subject he has written and lectured extensively.

'Whoever cannot imagine a bank director except as a sleek, polished gentleman of a shiny corpulence, complacently smiling as his ring-ornamented fingers flit over figure-filled sheets, will be surprised at Hjalmar Schacht,' concludes 'Civis.' 'He is lean and lanky and cool, short of speech, serious-minded, and his logic is cutting. The pale forehead under the blond hair, and the clear eyes behind the eyeglasses, speak of strict application to work. His brow is stern, but there is a brain underneath. And he is young and not yet through.' Decidedly a change from the aged Havenstein!

*

THE FUTURE OF TANGIER

After twenty years the European Powers have at last agreed on a form of government for the city and port of Tangier, opposite Gibraltar. In 1904 Great Britain gave its consent to a French Protectorate in Morocco in return for French consent to a British Protectorate in Egypt, but, since Tangier commands the entrance to the Mediterranean and the route to India, a special reservation was made there. Since then negotiations have been held off and on, but no agreement has been reached. In the meantime the city has been a sort of no man's land where each Power has had its own representatives. Plans for developing the harbor have lagged.

Three Governments, those of Great

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Britain, France, and Spain, have claimed a special interest, each backing a different scheme. In order to prevent the installation of a possible rival, Great Britain has insisted on an international régime. Spain has demanded the incorporation of the port in its Moroccan zone which encloses it, accepting internationalization as the second-best solution. France, as the backer of the Sultan of Morocco, has played upon his rights of sovereignty — 'With France he was a victor in the war,' has been the tune played in the Paris press.

The principal points in the proposed agreement, which Spain has only signed subject to approval by the Government at Madrid, are that the port is to be neutralized in a military sense, while commercially the open door is to be maintained. For the first six years the Chief Administrator is to be a Frenchman, assisted by a British and a Spanish Deputy. A legislative Assembly is to be composed of four Frenchmen, four Spaniards, three Englishmen, two Italians, one Belgian, one Portuguese, one American, one Dutchman, three Jews, and six Moslems, the two latter categories being named by the Sultan's representative, a Mendoub, who will preside over the Assembly as well as govern the native populations. This gives France exactly half the legislative votes. A Belgian captain will command a local gendarmerie of two hundred and fifty men. The Moroccan franc will be the local coin with the Spanish peseta as legal tender.

But, as was to be expected, the Spanish dictator, General Primo de Rivera, has already protested against the terms of the agreement. For strategic reasons he wants to incorporate into the Spanish national territory certain segments of the Moroccan zone, both at Ceuta, across the Strait from Gibraltar, and at Melilla, at the eastern end of the zone. He also wants Spanish control over natives from the Spanish zone living at Tangier, and enlarged Spanish participation in the city's administration, particularly that of customs. After the first six years he furthermore demands that the city's executive should be a Spaniard. Thus the whole arrangement is back in the foundry. The Italians, who were excluded, are watching gleefully. They think the United States may object to giving a few Powers entire control over the straits. The Dardanelles settlement at Lausanne is a case in point.

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ANOTHER POLISH CABINET

A NOT unexpected change of Government in Poland has resulted in the establishment of another makeshift Cabinet of so-called nonpolitical experts, headed by Ladislas Grabski, a former Premier and Minister of Finance. Due to the fact that the defunct Government of Vincent Witos was based on a compromise between the Right and the Centre, the large proprietors and the peasants, it came to grief over the proposed land-reform. Naturally the owners of the large estates would not consent to a subdivision of their estates, as demanded by the peasants. Fifteen of the followers of Witos seceded and the Cabinet fell. A new combination, seeking its majority farther to the Left, may be expected; but the main difficulty is that the balance of power between the Right and the Left is held by the non-Polish national minorities, of which the new Poland seems to have bitten off more than it can digest.

In the meantime the Grabski Government will concentrate on financial reform, a well-nigh hopeless task. The army demands nearly one half of all the State's income. Taxes fixed in a sinking currency are of little worth

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when collected. Heavier taxation on large fortunes has been proposed, and the Government has asked for greater discretionary powers approaching those of dictatorship. Attempts are also made to repress profiteering, so as to keep the cost of living down. A lady living in Thorn writes that shopkeepers and tradesmen there are divided into three classes — those who have been in jail, those who are in jail, and those who are going to jail. When a people can jest over its misfortunes, there is still hope.

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THE OBSCURE SWISS PRESIDENCY

THE modern European taste for dictators does not extend to Switzerland. 'The oldest of democracies' wants no superman, no man on horseback, no 'popular idol.' If it had an Aristides it would probably, like the Athenians, ostracize him because he was tiresome. Who can recall offhand the name of any President of the Swiss Confederacy? In the Paris *Journal des Débats* Ed. Bauty writes that the Swiss themselves often pretend not to know who is their chief magistrate. 'Before God alone we bend our knee,' is an old Swiss saying.

Each year the Federal Assembly elects from among the members of the Federal Council a President of the 'Confederation' and a Vice-President of the Council. Neither can serve for two consecutive years. Switzerland, therefore, is full of ex-Presidents, As a rule, the Vice-President of the Council is elected President the following year, a practice that assures a certain continuity in the administration. For 1924 the President is Ernest Chuard, a former professor of agricultural chemistry at the University of Lausanne, a specialist in vineyard-culture. In politics he has been a 'farmer's friend,' and such are coming to the fore in many countries. The new Vice-President is Jean Musy of Fribourg, a much younger and more aggressive man, according to *Journal de Genève.* His specialty is finance. 'Especially has he succeeded in the very difficult task of inspiring confidence among the bankers.'

The same paper also calls attention to the fact that, although the French-speaking population of Switzerland constitutes a minority of only one fifth, the four highest offices in the country are this year held by representatives of the Romanic Cantons. In addition to those already described, they are the presidency of the Federal Assembly and that of the Council of States. The national-minority question which racks so many of the European countries is not acute in Switzerland. The friction with France over the Free Zones about Geneva has not disqualified French-speaking politicians, so that this year Paris cannot bristle at the German-sounding names of the Swiss officials.

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INTERPRETING THE JAPANESE MIND

AN illuminating article on the new mental and spiritual ferment in Japan is published in the *International Review of Missions.* The author is J. Merle Davis, who has first-hand knowledge of that country and its problems. He considers the survival of the mentality of feudalism, an institution from which Japan has emerged comparatively recently, a key to much in the Japanese character that it is difficult for the Westerner to understand.

No interpreter of modern Japan can expect to open the door to the mind of the people without the key of feudalism. The Japanese mind, like the Japanese home, functions in a series of apartments. Opening on the street is the business entry, with offices and waiting-rooms where the ordi-

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nary business matters are transacted. Adjoining is the suite of living-rooms where the household life is carried on. Still farther in the rear, and removed from the noise and publicity of the street, are the reception room and apartments of honor reserved for distinguished guests and for religious and family ceremonial. Here may be seen a very few of the choicest heirlooms and art treasures, and here upon a recessed shelf are kept the votive tablets of the family ancestors. Invariably this secluded portion of the home is planned with an outlook upon one of those dainty gardens for which Japan is justly famous, a garden arranged with miniature vistas, symbolic landscapes, and bits of sacerdotal craftsmanship, tiny pagodas, stone lanterns, and shrine portals, a landscape and environment that breathes the very atmosphere of the vanished centuries.

The inner life of the modern Japanese resembles this home architecture. It responds with amazing versatility to the ordinary contacts with the West. Its outer chambers open hospitably to business representative, tourist, teacher, or missionary. More difficult of access are the living-rooms, where the daily problems of life are met. Rare indeed is the foreigner who finds opening to him the apartments of honor, with their sequestered garden outlook. For here the Japanese heart, wearied with the hurly-burly of twentieth-century life, retires for association with its fathers and for solace and communion with the spirit of old Japan.

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RUSSIA IN THE ORIENT

ACCORDING to the Peking correspondent of the *Times*, Karakhan, former Deputy-Commissar of Foreign Affairs at Moscow, who has succeeded Joffe as the Soviet representative in the Far East, comes to Peking with the double object of securing recognition by China and of resuscitating old treaties and making new ones. The principal object of negotiation is the Chinese Eastern Railway, which is purely Russian and a property of great value from every point of view, political, military, and commercial. As we have already intimated from other sources in the *Living Age*, the representatives of the Bolsheviki appear to have acquired *de facto* possession of the road from the non-Bolshevist Russians, through the intervention of Chang Tso-lin, the Mukden dictator. Russia's share of the Boxer indemnity — nearly five million dollars per annum — is several years in arrears. As China has not allowed the money on these deferred payments to accumulate, but has spent it freely, this claim enables the Soviet authorities to exercise considerable financial pressure upon the Peking Government.

The Soviet ambassador has also made overtures to the Japanese Government, through the Japanese Minister in Peking, for reopening the negotiations between Russia and Japan that Joffe unsuccessfully inaugurated last summer. The Japanese press favors this. The Tokyo *Asahi* gives the request its unqualified support. It attributes the failure of the negotiations last summer to the weakness of the Cabinet. *Nichi-Nichi* believes the Cabinet can hardly afford to reject Russia's overtures, and credits Karakhan with a good understanding of the Japanese national temperament. *Chuo*, an Opposition organ, believes that Japan can never consent to restoring diplomatic relations with Russia until that country gives indisputable evidence of having relinquished its subversive propaganda in Japanese territories.

One issue between the two countries is reciprocal compensation for losses due to the Siberian invasion. *New Russia*, a Bolshevist magazine published in Shanghai, computes the damages to Siberian wealth and industry by the Japanese occupation at nearly two hundred and forty million gold rubles, or half that amount in American dollars. The Japanese claim, as a set-off, a very heavy indemnity for the Nikolaevsk

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massacre and for other losses by Japanese subjects residing or having business interests in Siberia during the Revolution and the subsequent disorders.

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MINOR NOTES

At the Danzig elections of November 18, the Poles, 'in spite of a vigorous campaign,' to quote the London *Times* correspondent, polled only 4575 out of a total of 165,000 votes, and they secured but five of the 120 seats in the Volkstag, thus losing the right to nominate members on committees, or to form an official group.

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

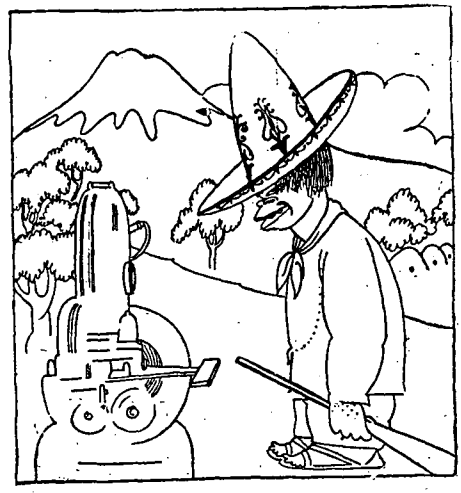
La Tribuna, a supporter of Mussolini's Government, thus satirizes the plight of the members of the Parliament just dissolved by the Roman dictator, under the caption, 'The Problem of the Unemployed.' The vendors are selling soap, collars, cravats, and corn salves.

Pedestrian: *Your face looks familiar. Have you been in this business long?*

Vendor: *Only a few days, sir. Until just now my friend and I were Members of Parliament.*

Petroleum politics still abound in Europe, as well as in the Americas. The new English commercial treaty with Poland gives the British oilmen an equal chance with the French in the Eastern Galician fields, while in Rumania the former seem to have for the moment the inside track, which explains some of the 'Clouds over the Little Entente' in this issue.

Bagaría, of *El Sol*, Madrid, doubtless finding the caricaturing of domestic topics either a humdrum or a perilous pursuit under the military dictatorship, turns his attention to Mexico, under the title, 'The Envious Motor.'



The Motor to the Mexican: *You beat me. I make two thousand revolutions a minute. You do more than that.*

The Mexican Revolution also occupies the attention of a cartoonist in *L'Ère Nouvelle*, who conceives the whole affair in oil colors. His 'History without Words' is entitled 'The Enemy Brothers.'

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THE BRITISH PRESS

A LONDON EDITOR ON ENGLISH JOURNALISM

BY J. ST. LOE STRACHEY

[*The editor of the* Spectator *is a distinguished essayist and critic as well as one of the most influential leader-writers in Great Britain. We are unable to publish in full his analysis of the British press and its problems, which continued through several issues of the* Morning Post, *but the most significant and informing paragraphs are given below.*]

From the *Morning Post, December* 17–21
(London Tory Daily)

There never was a time when the press was more anxiously or eagerly discussed than it is at this moment. The public had long been uneasy at the creeping paralysis of monopoly which is ruining the press. They see with dismay the independent newspapers in London and the country one by one absorbed in large combines. What they instinctively feel to be even more menacing is the acquisition of newspapers, or rather, I should say, groups of newspapers, by very rich men, often not in order to run those papers as true 'business propositions,' but in order to obtain power and influence elsewhere — in walks of life, that is, which have nothing to do with the sale of news and comment on the news.

This perturbation in the public mind began when at the end of the war the *Daily Chronicle* and Lloyd's other papers were transferred to new owners. It was greatly increased during the last year of Lord Northcliffe's life, and by the change of ownership which took place at his death. The amalgamation of the Northcliffe papers with those owned by Lord Rothermere made the Harmsworth combine closer and stronger than ever. The one bright spot in this absorption was the purchase and stabilization of the *Times* by Major Astor. Major Astor conferred an enormous benefit upon the public, and upon all that is best in the press, by giving the nation back its *Times* and by his admirable scheme for making it impossible in the future for the greatest of newspapers to be passed across a counter like a piece of cheese or a glass of beer. He has made the *Times* something in the nature of a national institution — it has always been that in the eyes of foreigners, and of a large part of the nation — without letting it cease to be a commercial venture, and so devitalizing it. It will remain a newspaper, and yet one whose readers cannot be transferred as if they were cattle on a ranch.

But, though there were many murmurs and much disturbance in the minds of thinking people, there was no widespread panic about the press till some nine or ten weeks ago. When, however, the whole of the great Hulton group of newspapers, a group with as wide a public, or perhaps wider, than that of the original Northcliffe Press, was transferred to Lord Rothermere and Lord Beaverbrook as quickly and as easily as if it were a linoleum factory, the world took notice. Lord Rother-

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mere acquired by far the greater number of papers, but Lord Beaverbrook buttressed his position by acquiring the *Evening Standard*. He has since added to this acquisition from the Hulton group by purchasing and extinguishing the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Thus yet another of the unsyndicated newspapers of London vanished.

No sooner had this been accomlished than the public amazement and indignation blazed up. In spite of the heat of public opinion over the Ruhr, in spite of the nation's preoccupation with unemployment, in spite of the deep interest felt in the Imperial Conference, in spite of the reactions caused by the revival of the Protection versus the Free Trade policy, in spite of the crisis in agriculture and the doctors' strike, the syndication of the press held the field for several weeks as the problem of the hour. At clubs, in private houses, in trains, on golf courses, wherever men were gathered together, conversations on public affairs almost always ended by inquiries as to what was to be done about the syndication of the press, where it was going to stop, and what was the remedy. Even now the interest has very little abated, though it is generally held that in a month the most arresting subjects become stale.

We pressmen are often called cynical, and in a sense we are; but it is the good kind of cynicism, not the bad — the cynicism which rejects humbug, but which is able to see the other side coolly and without hate or animus. Above all, we know the inner meaning of the apothegm, *Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner*. When a man can feel this to the full and yet not allow it to sterilize him or to make him a mere antinomian or ungodly neutral in the battle of life, he is well equipped as a journalist. And, thank Heaven, most working journalists reach this point. Though they may write with plainness and force, it is very seldom that you find a journalist who is at heart a fanatic. They know too much and have seen too much.

Syndication will, I fear, prove a severe blow to the working journalist, though probably it is one which is not realized and is certainly not intended by the lords of the newspaper world. Most of them have never been working journalists, and even those who have been probably forget amid their present pomps and splendors what it was to be a servant of the pen. Newspaper combines, looked at from the commercial side, do not mean less newspaper-readers, but more; but they do mean fewer newspapers. The way to make a newspaper trust pay most is to get as many readers as possible for each unit which is kept in being.

The overhead charges for collecting news, editing it, and writing, are no greater for a circulation of a million than for a circulation of a hundred thousand. The copy once paid for, if the proprietor is to get the maximum of profit out of it, should be used in such a way as to be brought before the maximum of readers. To put it in another way, if a man owns ten daily newspapers, they can join forces to pay a very large price to send some special correspondent to this or that place to do a sensational 'stunt.' If ten papers pay for it, the stunt copy may stand on the books of each for only £100. But this allows £1000 to be incurred to get that copy. In a word, syndicated newspapers can do bold and difficult things cheaply. This may be good for the stunt correspondent, or the stunt author, or the stunt serialist; but for the writing profession as a whole it is bad. It may often mean for them only one job where there were nine before.

This tendency to a shrinkage of the editorial pastures is still more plainly visible when newspapers are bought up and extinguished, as is going to happen

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under the latest amalgamation scheme. As a working editor-in-chief, a working leader-writer, a working reviewer, and a working journalist generally, I can fully understand the anxiety and alarm which syndication is causing throughout the profession.

I will put first in the following classification, partly because it is the oldest type and partly because it is one of the most useful, the newspaper in which the function of selling honest news predominates, and in which the desire to spread particular opinions takes the second place. Among the great London dailies the best example is afforded by the *Daily Telegraph*. That is a paper which has a deservedly high reputation for being the plain and honest tradesman in the newspaper world. It is out to collect news and to sell news which can really be trusted by those who spend their 'tuppences' upon it. The *Daily Telegraph* in its earliest days was accused of being sensational; but that was only another name for enterprise. The proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* made it their first object to collect news of the kind they thought would be appreciated by the great middle and lower middle class of London and the Provinces. These classes were not only becoming very important, but desired to find a voice in the press.

The *Daily Telegraph* filled the gap. Again and again it has conferred public benefits by providing a news service which has not only been sincere, but has touched the smaller affairs of life too often neglected in the press. The *Daily Telegraph's* aim is obviously to print all the news that it is fit to print, and without troubling too much to consider whether this or that intellectual reader will consider the items too trivial to be worth recording. Here I may venture to say that the overfastidious newspaper is often quite mistaken from a business point of view in refusing to sell something which it might honestly sell and which a great many people would be thankful to it for selling. Though things may sound trivial to the 'able editor' they may really be of capital importance, and future generations may bless them for having put the said trivialities on record. I will not go quite so far as to say that the heading once seen in a local paper, 'Town Councillor Choked by a Whelk,' is an important piece of news; but there are other items of what is called in the press 'local interest' which are well worth preserving, though at the moment they may seem to the scholar, the politician, the artist, or the man of letters as below the dignity of high-class journalism.

The next type of newspaper is the newspaper of opinion. Its aim and object is to represent and press upon the public certain special views in Church and in State, in economics and in commerce, in literature and in art. Papers of opinion of this kind are well represented by the *Daily News* and the *Morning Post*. The editors of both these great papers, no doubt, always keep before themselves the necessity of being honest vendors of news. By this I mean that, even though a portion of the news they collect may seem contrary to the opinions that they desire should prevail and that they think beneficial to the State, they give it to their readers. They make no conscious effort to prevent their readers hearing the other side. Above all, they refrain from doctoring news, either by addition or omission or unfair presentation, which will exercise a particular influence upon men's minds. A skillful journalist may so present the news that, though not a word of it is false, the general impression produced by his presentation is entirely contrary to the facts. In other words, his action is illustrated by the maxim that half the

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truth may be more damaging and have more evil effects than the most audacious lie.

The third category in my analysis is the party organ. In one sense this is a newspaper of opinion, but it differs from those in my second category by the fact that the opinions are opinions not so much of the proprietor and those responsible for the production of the newspaper as of a particular party or group to which the paper is bound by various ties, old or new. Every party of the State wants, and rightly wants, to put its views before the public. But it cannot do this very effectively through a mere party organ, for newspaper-readers want — I had almost said want above everything else in their newspaper — to obtain entertainment and an anodyne from the cares of life. Though they may be very sound Liberals or Conservatives, or Laborites or Tariff Reformers, or Free Traders, they are not particularly anxious to have these views preached at them morning, afternoon, and evening. They quite admit, as did Sir Andrew Aguecheek, the importance of good life. Yet in his frisky mood that rural gallant declared that he cared not for a ballad of good life, but preferred one of a very different character.

The party newspaper, therefore, and if it is to be successful, must sugar its pill very carefully. As a proof of what I mean I need only refer to the case of the *Daily Herald*. That is confessedly a paper intended to further the interests, not merely of Labor, but of the Labor Party. It is considered to be a part of the duty of the party whose favorite slogan is 'Class-Consciousness' to take in the *Herald*, and its readers are daily reminded of this duty. No doubt those to whom the appeal is made would in the abstract agree that it was their duty to support the Labor Party organ, and yet, somehow, they shy from a paper, though from many points of view so well written and so well edited, simply and solely because it is a party organ. A party organ, after all, can have no surprises. It is, as it were, under contract to grind out the same old tune every day. You can predict with almost complete certainty what it will say. Newspapers of this kind may, no doubt, be supported by large subsidies for a time. Again, they may have their circulations inflated by temporary special efforts and 'drives'; but in the end they seem always to suffer from a kind of primary anæmia. The fact is that no business is more liable to be devitalized by external help than a newspaper. The American journalists of the forties who declared that it was the business of an editor to raise hell and sell his paper had a sound instinct.

People who know that their job is secure owing to a good subsidy from party funds, or because they have been able to get a large number of people pledged to support them at all cost, are very apt to rest on their oars. It is a great deal of trouble to those concerned in the production of a newspaper to raise either hell or heaven and 'sell their paper.' The spur of commercial success is wanted to maintain that vivid interest in public affairs which is the life-breath of journalism. Launce told his dog, 'I would have one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be a dog at all things.' The same may be said of a newspaper. Unless it undertakes to be a newspaper at all things the public will be sure to grow suspicious. They will imagine that they are going to be converted, or strengthened in their faith, or something of that kind rather than be given entertainment. I use 'entertainment,' of course, not merely in the sense of beer and skittles, but in the wider meaning of all that interests and fires the imagination.

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Not unlike the party organ newspaper is the newspaper which frankly plays the part of the advocate for some definite society or organization, whether it be temperance reform, or the protection of the liquor, or any other, interest. I have never been able to see in the abstract any reason why a newspaper should not play the part of the advocate any less than should counsel learned in the law. But here it must be noted that there must be no concealment. What is the antiseptic of advocacy in the law should also be the antiseptic of newspaper advocacy. When a man is briefed and paid to put forward such arguments as ought to be heard before a judicial decision is reached, his function is well known to the court and to the public. Mr. Smith, K.C., is never briefed to tell lies, or to do anything corrupt or unfair. Since there are two sides to every question he can quite rightly put that side for a fee as long as his part in the matter is understood. So in the same way journalistic advocacy is perfectly sound and can do no harm to the body politic as long as the newspaper makes no concealment of the fact that it is playing the part of the advocate. It must not, for example, pretend that in supporting the brewers' or temperance case it is playing the part of the judge rather than that of counsel for plaintiff or defendant, whichever it may be. A secret agreement between some powerful body and a newspaper would be most dangerous. An open one in which the newspaper makes no concealment of the advocacy which it has undertaken can do no harm.

The fifth form of journalism, and it is perhaps the highest, is judicial journalism. This is the journalism which it was the object of the founders of the *Times* to maintain. And most ably and most successfully did they maintain it in the past. I am delighted to add that there now seems every prospect, not only that its judicial position will be re-established under the present proprietor and editor, but that they will be able to ensure its maintenance in the future.

By judicial journalism I mean that those in control of the paper should make it their business to act as a judge does in a court of law. He does not attempt to suppress his own opinion. When the time comes, indeed, he gives that opinion to the jury as directly and as potently as he can, though, of course, acknowledging and preserving the rights of the jury to differ from him and to give the ultimate decision. The editor of a paper which affords an example of judicial journalism, once more like the judge, takes care that his readers shall hear both sides. As to the greater or lesser value of the evidence he expresses an opinion, but it is always an opinion without prejudice, without prepossession, and without animus. But, though he leaves the verdict to the jury of his readers, he, as I have said, makes his own position and his own opinion quite clear. This judicial attitude does not, of course, prevent him from denouncing what is evil or corrupt *per se*, or again prevent him from expressing his honest agreement or disagreement when the popular verdict has been given.

Another function of judicial journalism can be illustrated in the *Times*. Except in some case of vital importance, the *Times* has always made it its duty and function to support the Government of the day. That is a useful function, and long may it do so, within the proper limitation that, if the Government is directing the country to some clearly ruinous course, the controllers of judicial journalism must refuse their support. The King's Government must be carried on, and all good citizens must help to see it carried on,

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even though they do not agree in details. But it can never be a part of the good citizen's duty to assist in driving the coach over a precipice.

Another type of journalism is what I may describe as pure commercial journalism — that is, journalism in which the paper really exists for its advertisements, and is a great trade-catalogue, which people, as I have said before, are bribed to read because it has the most expensive and most interesting literary matter interspersed among the advertisements. There are many American examples of this type of journalism. As I have put it, this does not sound a very high aim or a very inviting form of entertainment. Yet, as a matter of fact, it does often provide very good entertainment for its readers. Naturally such price-lists, plus high-priced literature, are not given to politics, and, above all, to party politics. They want confortable readers, not fiery zealots, to support them.

A seventh form of journalism, which has existed here, which exists abroad, and which I hope may be revived here, is what I may call personal journalism. In France, when a statesman goes out of office, or when some man has risen in public life who wants a forum, he gets a newspaper founded for him, or arranges to be the star writer in some newspaper already in existence. Its pages become his pages. The paper is read by his followers. M. Clemenceau throughout his varied history has had many such papers. The people who believed in him, who wanted to know his opinions on affairs from day to day, and who desired to follow him, became subscribers to his paper. The result was on the whole good. These personal papers, though the news and literary matter are subordinated to the great man's fulminations, were and are often quite attractive.

The eighth form is what I may call 'kept journalism' — the latest, and, I venture to say, the least worthy form of organized publicity. By 'kept journalism' I mean the newspaper, or group of newspapers, which belong to some rich man who owns them, not to make a profit, not to further a cause for which he greatly cares, such as the interests of the Liberal Party, or of the Conservative Party, or of the Labor Party, or for some cause such as free trade, or temperance, or the protection of a particular industry. He has acquired, or founded, or at any rate he maintains his newspapers to give him personal power — power which can be used to get him honors and emoluments, to uphold a particular policy, or to get its withdrawal, or again to enable him, when convenient, to help or to destroy a Government.

In the case of a newspaper which is run as a business concern, the readers act as a corrective. But a millionaire who does not care whether his paper gives him a dividend or not is out of reach of that wholesome influence. You cannot tell him that he will lose circulation or advertisements if he persists in this or that course. He snaps his fingers at you and tells you that he is not in this business either for his health, or for his pocket, but for something quite different, and that as long as he can coerce or cajole Governments he has got all he wants. Such a man is a real danger to the State. To say this is not to say that his intentions are bad, and the particular things he wants are injurious. Unless, however, he is one of the very rare men who are not demoralized by uncontrolled power, his influence is almost certain to be bad. Power without proper correctives and limitations is a drug which no man can take for long without losing his sanity and his moral force. Irresponsible power is the universal corrupter.

Before I leave my nine different

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forms of journalism, I should like to speak of one which, though it does not exist at present, I hope may some day exist, for I think that in it lies, I will not say the remedy, but a part of the remedy, for our present discontents in the matter of the press. I greatly want to see the experiment tried of coöperative journalism. By coöperative journalism I mean not only a system in which those who edit and control the paper should be a small coöperative society, but in which the readers, or the great bulk of the readers, are encouraged to take shares in the paper, and so to be interested in enlarging it and improving it.

My ideal would be that each reader of the paper should be the owner of, say, a £20 or £10 share in the paper. His subscription to the paper would be paid for by the dividend on his capital investment, I cannot go into details now, but under such a plan of coöperative ownership by readers the readers could easily be enabled to prevent the sale of the paper without their being given an opportunity to purchase. An interesting attempt at coöperative journalism is, I understand, to be found in the new French newspaper, *Le Quotidien*. It has, it is said, a postal circulation of about 150,000, and its readers are for the most part proprietors of small portions of the stock. A hundred thousand readers need only each take a £10 share to provide a million pounds of capital!

THE ITALIAN PRESS

BY A GERMAN CORRESPONDENT

From *Kölnische Zeitung, December 7*
(Conservative Daily, British Occupied Territory)

German readers should be warned against accepting at their face value the quotations from the Italian newspapers that appear in our dispatches, expressing hostility to France and friendship for Germany. Two forces struggle for mastery in the Italian press — the intellectual and political opinions in which its writers have been nurtured, and the special interests that the individual papers represent.

Modern Italy is the child of French intellectual influences, especially the ideals of the French Revolution, and these still mould the mentality of the nation. An Italian journalist's preconceived ideas of European history and German history are derived from France. We hear much of the influence of German science in Italy, but forget that philosophy, philology, mediæval history, art history, chemistry, and medicine have nothing to do with politics, and do not influence materially our concepts of modern history and political evolution. The leading place that German music holds in Italy naturally has even less effect upon the political opinions of that country.

The way German history has been portrayed by French writers since 1870 is familiar to the world. Germany is represented as Pan-German, imperialist, militarist, and seeking dominion

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over all its neighbors. Germany's policy since the days of Bismarck is supposed to champion the principle of might before right, and the method of blood and iron. France is represented as the victim of a fearful injustice because she was deprived of Alsace-Lorraine, which she, with equal injustice, had torn from Germany two hundred years before. Italians who have traveled in Alsace-Lorraine have described to me their utter astonishment at finding the people there of genuine German stock.

All these preconceptions and prejudices were strengthened during the World War. There is not an anti-German shibboleth in Italy that has not come from France — unhappily originally borrowed in many cases from the Democratic and Socialist anti-Administration press of Germany itself. Add to this the fact that every cultivated Italian can read French, while he finds German too difficult to master, and we see how firmly buttressed French intellectual influence is in Italy.

Almost the only German newspapers quoted in the Italian press as sources of German opinion are *Berliner Tageblatt*, *Vossische Zeitung*, *Vorwärts*, *Die Rote Fahne*, and less frequently *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, *Frankfurter Zeitung*, and the *Miesbacher Anzeiger*. Even in papers reputed friendly to Germany one often finds opinions regarding that country received from France. The former French journalist, Barrère, organized and subsidized with a lavish hand press opinion in Italy during his nearly twenty-five years' residence as Ambassador in Rome.

On the other hand, France has shown such contemptuous disregard for Italy's national interests that the Italian press is frequently excited to a fury of resentment against that country. On such occasions violent attacks upon French arrogance and presumption appear in the newspapers, and are invariably transmitted to Germany by our correspondents. But such storms are like storms at sea. After they have passed, the agitation of the waters subsides and they reflect again the intellectual skies of France.

Italian newspapers find it difficult to pursue an independent policy, because practically none of them is self-supporting, and consequently each is more or less dependent upon some rich industrial or commercial patron. This explains why a newspaper frequently reverses its entire policy when it changes owners; editors of independent conviction are promptly thrown overboard, while compliant and subservient writers continue to hold their positions.

The Fascisti have tried to counteract the demoralization that has crept into the newspaper world through this industrial control. One of their editors recently wrote: 'Journalism is for us a constant battle. We fight for an idea, for a great and powerful country, and stake all we have upon it: from imprisonment to execution, from starvation to the gallows. Our four years of ardent Fascism, our present poverty, testify to this. Only a man who fights at the risk of all he has is truly entitled to be called a journalist. The others are merely slave-scribes, performing a servile task and owned by some line of business.'

In truth, Fascism has given Italian journalism more backbone and independence, but it has not been able to exterminate the root of the evil. Except for Mussolini and two or three others, the Fascisti did not at first enroll a single newspaperman of importance. They had to recruit their ranks, therefore, from the journalists of the old era. A whole cohort of famous press-writers and newspapers that fought Fascism bitterly up to October, 1922, have now veered with

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the wind of public favor and gone over to the Fascist camp. Naturally their change of heart responded to the *niente per niente* — 'nothing for nothing' — motive. For, since the Fascist newspapers do not have a very wide circulation, they are even more dependent upon outside subsidies than the semi-Liberal, industrial press. So at the bottom the situation remains the same.

At Naples *Mattino* became Fascist. At Rome *Tribuna*, which consistently supports every Government, naturally went over to that party. *Nazione* at Florence, *Resto del Carlino* at Bologna, *Secolo* at Milan, and *Gazzetta del Popolo*, the old pro-French, Freemason newspaper of Turin, followed suit. At Rome the Fascisti also control *Impero*, the official *Corriere Italiano*, *Nuovo Paese*, and the former Nationalist *Idea Nazionale*. They also have at Milan *Popolo d'Italia*, which Mussolini himself founded, in November 1914, and which is now edited by his brother Arnaldo.

All these papers are naturally loyal supporters of Italian interests abroad. They are therefore opposed to the so-called reconstruction policy of Lloyd George and Nitti, and consequently to Germany. They advocate enforcing the Treaty of Versailles, and in so doing back up France, which is strong enough, however, to disregard Italian help and is quite content if that country merely remains passive. Since Italy needs Ruhr coal, these papers are more or less outright supporters of the French Ruhr policy. They have no special sympathy for German suffering, for such 'sentimentalism' does not accord with Fascist 'realism.' Naturally they see events in Germany through French spectacles, so that even the reports of their correspondents in our country often seem borrowed from the boulevard press of Paris. No reference is ever made to the national and the personal rights of Germans. While monarchy, nationalism, and militarism are lauded to the skies in Italy, they are anathema in Germany. Every patriotic German is condemned offhand as a nationalist, a militarist, and a fire-eater.

All this does not prevent the same papers from now and then attacking France with tooth and nail. But these paroxysms are temporary, while the attitude toward Germany is permanent. As soon as the anger of the moment is over, the editors forget their recent tiff with their Gaelic neighbors. In this respect the Fascist papers are hardly distinguishable from those of confessed pro-French leaning, such as *Messaggiero* and *Giornale d'Italia* in Rome, and the anti-German *Corriere della Sera* in Milan; although in respect to domestic policies the two groups of journals are at swords' points.

We need waste little time with *Messaggiero*. *Giornale d'Italia* and its noon edition, *Piccolo*, are known in Rome as *Bugiardone* and *Bugiardello* — 'Big Humbug' and 'Little Humbug.' The campaign of *Giornale d'Italia* and *Corriere della Sera* against Germany is the more pernicious, because it is conducted under the guise of impartiality, objectivity, humanity, and liberty. Propaganda lies that have been refuted over and over again are still served up to their readers, and the latter are told with an affectation of pity how sadly the German people are suffering in expiation for their greed of power. When these journals tried the same policy upon the Fascisti, in respect to domestic issues, the latter promptly called a halt. As a German I prefer a hundred times the bluff, open hostility of the Fascisti to the hypocritical and pharisaical attitude of the so-called Liberal — and unhappily widely read — industrial press.

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Another group of prominent papers, however, pursues exactly the opposite foreign policy. Among the most prominent of these are the Giolitti daily, *La Stampa* of Turin, now edited by Frassati, former Italian Ambassador at Berlin; Nitti's journal, *Mondo*, at Rome, edited by the former Colonial Minister, Amendola; and *Popolo* of the same city, conducted by Don Sturzo, the leader of the clerical People's Party, which has taken the place of *Corriere d'Italia* since the latter deserted the Popolari for the Fascisti. These newspapers see nothing in Europe to-day that is not either blackest black or whitest white — either the malicious, grasping, imperialist, destructive policy of France, or the conciliatory and reconstructive policy of England. *Tertium non datur.* In their opinion Italy's national traditions and national interests bid her to support the English policy, which is likewise that of the United States, without whose aid Europe cannot recover.

These journals also hold that Europe's salvation is impossible without the coöperation of Germany, its greatest industrial nation, and Russia, its greatest agricultural nation. Consequently these must be restored to their full rights as partners in the European constellation. Therefore these journals oppose the foreign policy of the Fascisti, which plays into the hands of France at the cost of Italy's interests, since the hegemony of France threatens the economic, financial, political, and military status of Italy as a Great Power. They are still more hostile to the Ententism of the other group of papers mentioned, which conceives Italy's welfare — or rather the welfare of the industrial interests these papers represent — to demand a close alliance with France.

Therefore the three papers I have just mentioned advocate that Italy take a definite stand in the European controversy on the side of England and the United States.

The same policy is championed by the Republican *Voce Republicana*, by *Guistizia*, the well-edited organ of the Conservative Socialists, and by *Avanti*, the independent Socialist daily. These papers regard France as a stronghold of reaction, militarism, and imperialism, which would crush the young German Republic and German Socialism. Their sympathy for Germany, however, is rather with the present German Government than with the nation as a whole, and would probably cool quickly if a monarchy were reestablished.

With the exception of *La Stampa*, these interventionist newspapers have a relatively limited circle of readers. The newspapers that now have the widest circulation or enjoy the patronage of the Government are opposed to Italy's active intervention in Europe's larger problems. Although Mussolini treats journalists with great respect and professes to consider them far better advisers than members of Parliament — and apparently than the diplomatic corps — and has even suggested that it would be well to substitute the press for Parliament in governing the country, none the less, newspaper influence has waned rapidly since the Fascisti rose to power. This is because the Fascist dictator does not fear the press the way the Parliamentary ministries before him did; for he is not the plaything of every wind that blows.

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CLOUDS OVER THE LITTLE ENTENTE

BY X.

[In view of the possible shifts in the general political alignment of the European Powers, the following impressions of a French traveler, reproduced in a Parisian weekly, are both suggestive and of timely interest. Without endorsing the views expressed, the editor terms them 'extremely interesting.' That a return of the Russian Empire to the councils of Europe will affect the present balance may be taken for granted. The Slavs of Southern-Central Europe will heed the call of the blood. How will this affect Poland and Rumania? The Krakow riots referred to were occasioned by an attempt of the Polish Government to imitate the tactics of Aristide Briand in quelling a railroad strike through a military mobilization of the strikers.]

From *L'Europe Nouvelle, December 22*
(PARIS LIBERAL FOREIGN-AFFAIRS WEEKLY)

UPON the eve of the new meeting of the representatives of the Little Entente, which is to be held at Belgrade, I believe it worth while to submit briefly the impressions obtained from conversations I have had at Prague and at Warsaw, as well as from what I already knew of Serbian and Rumanian politics. Naturally I shall limit myself to the general tendencies of foreign politics as they affect the relations between the members of the Little Entente.

In this respect, the situation of Poland is particularly significant, since, without being a member of the Little Entente, it is nevertheless indirectly related to it through its alliance with Rumania. This intermediate position brings out both the forces which attach it to this group and those which tend to draw it away.

Here one observation stands out above all others. The political considerations on which the Little Entente is based are bound to change considerably as Russia resumes its position among the European Powers. This evolution will be revealed as far as the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes and Czechoslovakia are concerned by a more active sympathy for the Russians, while in Rumania and Poland it will be manifested through a more pronounced fear of Russia and 'the Slav peril.' Concerning the future of the relations of their respective States with Russia, MM. Beneš and Ninchich think practically alike. The Czechs have sent commercial delegations to the Soviets. Toward the Serbs gratitude is felt at Moscow — and they have been so informed — for having neither tolerated the military preparations of the Wrangel army nor recognized the Baltic States. Both Czechoslovakia and Serbia have been anxious to show consideration for the Russia of the future.

The position of the Poles and the Rumanians is quite different. For historic as well as territorial reasons they fear a reappearance of a Russia recognized by the Great Powers.

Consequently we must always bear in mind that there exists a close connection between a return of the Russian world to the relationships of civilized life, and a weakening of the bonds which to-day unite the members of the Little Entente. I do not assert that an enlightened policy on the part of the Governments of the Little Entente should not consist in maintaining these bonds regardless of a restoration of

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Russia, but the public state of mind that prevails among our allies of Eastern Europe does not seem to me to permit us to count too much on a freedom of action allowed its rulers by this public as regards the Russian question.

In a general way, this is how I believe the present-day foreign policies of the members of the Little Entente and of Poland should be described: —

1. Czechoslovakia. A policy of economic realism within the limits of Inter-allied obligations and Slav solidarity. Two purposes seem to me to inspire to-day the activities of this Government: (*a*) the transfer from Berlin to Prague of the economic centre of gravity of Central Europe; (*b*) the projection of Czechoslovakia as a means of rapprochement between France and Russia — a rapprochement that would be considered at Prague as the surest guaranty of European order.

2. The Serb-Croat-Slovene Kingdom. Here the traditional Serbian policy, aiming at obtaining for Yugoslavia a definite political predominance in the Balkans, and a complete economic independence of the Western Powers, is still pursued. Support of the treaties and fidelity to alliances, especially to that with France, are of the same concern to both the Government and the Serbian people. It is a characteristic trait of the country that its ambitions are at the same time so simple and so concrete that they take almost identical shape in the mind of a peasant and in that of M. Pashich.

3. Poland. Here we find an historical policy in the grand style, which is at times moderated by the accession to power of realistic spirits such as that of the present Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Roman Dmowski. (Since this was written, he has retired from office. EDITOR.) But the Parliamentary situation makes the political horizon uncertain. I have tried to ascertain the popular sentiment, not only at Warsaw, but also at Posen, Vilno, Lemberg, and Krakow. I must say that it does not seem reassuring for the future. Hatred for Russia and aversion for Czechoslovakia are the general tone. The vital necessity for Poland of an agreement with Czechoslovakia to-day and with Russia to-morrow is not, I fear, appreciated. The Serbians are considered as quite savage and as stamped with Russian barbarism. Nevertheless, there is no particular hostility, even though the recent visit of the Yugoslav deputies seemed to leave impressions that were not particularly enthusiastic.

More than ever Poland is to-day turned toward Bucharest. This rapprochement may be considered in two ways. The pleasant aspect is the lien which through Bucharest attaches Poland to the Little Entente. At the time of the *Putsch* of Charles of Hapsburg, Poland supported Rumania quite loyally, despite the Magyar sympathies of part of the Polish people. The unpleasant phase of the Polish-Rumanian alliance is that it seems to be not only a safeguard against a possible Russian return-offensive, but also an unavowed precaution against a Slav predominance on the part of the Serbs and Czechs. In this there is a serious menace for the future: a possible split of our Oriental bloc of allies and the necessity for France to choose between the Polish-Rumanian combination and that of the Russians, Serbs, and Czechs — a choice which, it seems to me, ought to be avoided at all costs.

4. Rumania. Here the monarchical policy prevails, with an implied precaution against Slav neighbors. In recent months the royal politicians have been very active, not only in Poland, but also in Yugoslavia, in Greece, and in Bulgaria, where they clearly have at-

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tempted to substitute their dynastic interests for nationalistic tendencies. King Ferdinand is not satisfied with the title of 'Father-in-law of the Balkans.' He tries openly to direct the political activity of the whole constellation of allied nations in Eastern Europe.

This ambition seems to me to be as objectionable from a general point of view as from that of France.

From the general point of view, a policy favoring dynastic interests may be acceptable in Rumania; it is hardly so in other States, where it risks involving the reigning families in adventures into which their subjects would not follow. Furthermore, it might finally cause a split in the Little Entente. Neither at Prague nor at Belgrade are the Rumanian fears of Russia shared. It is worth while, moreover, to recall that M. Jan Bratiano was originally opposed to the formation of the Little Entente. When he came to power he found his country already pledged, but he has not given up the idea of shifting the political axis of the Oriental group.

There is, finally, a third objection. The Rumanian policy tends to place the control of the Little Entente in the hands of the two nations which have the weakest political, economic, and military structures — that is, Poland and Rumania. Naturally I am not qualified to pass a judgment on the Polish army. I will limit myself to the remark that the personal investigation I made concerning the November 6 riot at Krakow proved that the soldiers were disarmed by the mob, and that they suffered the heaviest losses. Such an accident could not have happened at Belgrade.

From the French point of view, the objections to a Polish-Rumanian predominance within the Little Entente seem to me to be, first, a gateway open, on the Rumanian side, to English influences, and second, the risk, from the same source, of allowing dynastic interests to gradually replace the fundamental principle of Interallied policy in Eastern Europe, which is the integral maintenance of the treaties.

If, moreover, we extend these observations to recent events, we see that the frankest and most categorical declaration in reply to the French note about a resumption of Allied control of arms in Germany, and the return of the Crown Prince, was given by M. Beneš of Czechoslovakia. The Yugoslavs gave a more limited adhesion, while the Poles restricted themselves to an expression of general sympathy, which was clearly intended to please England.

In conclusion, I should say it would be foolish to believe that France can consider the Little Entente as a blind agent of its own policy, or as a battering ram against its enemies, whatever the circumstances might be or wherever the fight might start. But, such as it is, the Little Entente represents a grouping of allied interests in Eastern Europe and is the only combination committed to the preservation of a state of things of which France is in the West the strongest, not to say the only, defender.

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PETROGRAD PAST AND PRESENT

[*We print below two pictures of Petrograd. The first, by Arthur Ransome, one of the best-informed British correspondents upon Russia, was published in the* Manchester Guardian *of December* 13. *The second, by A. E. Hein, appeared in the Swedish Liberal Daily,* Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning, *of December* 2.]

I

I HAVE known Petrograd for only ten years — just long enough to have seen it pass with painful fits and spasms through the most dramatic period that it has known since the days when Peter the Great lived in his little house there, built his ships along the river, pulled out his courtiers' teeth, — you can still see there a box of the trophies of his dentistry, each tooth labeled with the name of its one-time owner, — and, not knowing the word 'impossible,' tried with edict, stick, and executioner to make the Russians live and work in the tempo demanded by his own remorseless energy. When I think of Petrograd now I cannot help seeing it as a kind of cinematograph film, a series of flashlights flung on a changing city, without continuity, yet such that the Petrograd of to-day seems to need for its dramatic valuation a memory of those earlier moments.

There is the old Petrograd of the days before the war. I remember an odd jumble of things: an open-air staging of the siege of Azov in one of the parks, a baker's boy flung from a moving tram by a conductor, coachmen with brightly colored puffed silken sleeves, porters asleep at night at the doorways, ships crowding through the bridges in the early morning, nightingales at midnight on the shores of the Gulf, the little theatre of the Winter Palace where Catherine the Great enjoyed French drama before the French Revolution moved her to throw the bust of Voltaire indignantly into a lumber-room, and on the other side of the river the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul with the spire of its church like a gold thorn piercing the mist; perhaps most vividly of all, my first sight of the Troubetskoy statue of Alexander III by the Nikolai Station, a huge man seated like a dead weight on the back of a gigantic draft-horse, the statue from which at its unveiling the Tsar Nicholas II is said to have turned his head, so vivid a criticism was it of his father, and, indeed, of the Russian autocracy, seated so heavily, so dully, on that powerful beast.

Then, in 1914, the days of the Russian mobilization and the beginning of the war: the cavalry horses tied under the trees along the Alexander Garden, the crowds of the recruits with their kettles tied to their little bundles, the weeping women marching beside them, the tremendous gathering in the Palace Square when Nicholas II showed himself to his people. A little figure in a white uniform appeared on a balcony of the red-brown palace. Nobody shot at it. Everybody cheered, and a moment later it was replaced by another little figure also in a white uniform, this time indeed the Tsar of All the Russias.

Just after Christmas in 1916 I came back to it to find it markedly changed. Rasputin had been killed, and his murder was like the first lightning-flash of a long-gathered storm. Everyone knew that something was going to

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happen. The questions on everybody's lips were 'What?' and 'When?' One wild rumor chased another through the winter streets. Then the days of February and March, and Petrograd turned over a leaf in its history so violently that it broke the back of the book. Cossacks before the Kazan Cathedral, cavalry aimlessly moving on the pavements among the people, shots fired away at the Nikolai Station, and the end of the autocracy. I spent four days and nights moving to and fro about the city, saw the taking of the prison in the Ofizerskaya, soldiers 'going over to the people' and giving their rifles up to street boys who, regardless of the crowds, used them to fire at pigeons in the street; I saw the Tauris Palace turned into a mixed doss-house, arsenal, and seat of two rival Parliaments, heard Miliukov declare to an amazed revolution that 'We have decided to preserve the dynasty,' saw returned political convicts dragging their legs still conscious of the chains that had just been struck off, and presently found the whole city of Petrograd become a vast Hyde Park, with more orators than there were street corners.

Then, after the October Revolution, a new Petrograd, grim, hungry, threatened by the hostility of the Germans without and of the Allies within, the whole of the Civil Service on strike, armed patrols by little watch-fires in the streets at night, occasional pitched battles to prevent the looting of wine stores by the soldiery, and almost daily touches of comic opera, inevitable with a Government of enthusiastic amateurs and Ministries staffed for the most part by young people who had never been inside a government office before.

Of that Petrograd I have a still more curious tangle of recollections. In the general excitement of the Revolution it seemed that no one had time to clear the snow from the streets, and sledging was like mountaineering. I remember being overturned, sledge and all, when my driver, greatly daring, tried to cross the valleys and mountain ranges from one side of the road to the other. Odd fragments of memory persist: the frantic bell-ringing of the President of the Constituent Assembly, Lenin sitting smiling in the hall of the Tauris Palace while the meeting within, in spite of itself, digested his uncompromising arguments; the working of Trotskii's shoulders as with Colonel Robins I looked down from the gallery behind him while he was making the finest speech, as oratory, that I heard during the Revolution, on his return from Brest-Litovsk.

Then days and nights when it was thought that the Germans might march into the town, the untidy flight of embassies, the quite definitely comic removal of the Government to Moscow, when one of the new Ministers got left behind while filling his pockets with potatoes at a wayside station, but, by hard running, caught the train and continued his journey on one of the buffers of the van. And, after that, Petrograd as an increasingly hungry, resentful city that by losing the Government had lost at that time its only reason for existence and had become no more than a *tour de force* that had somehow lost its point.

Its only hope of recovery was as a port, and for some years the cranes on the quays rusted where they lay. Nothing left Petrograd. Nothing came in. In 1919 a hostile army was within sight of its cathedrals, and there were barricades and trenches in the streets ready for its reception. Petrograd knew the worst rigors and cruelties of civil strife intensified by foreign intervention. In the spring of 1920 it was a city so hard hit that it scarcely seemed that recovery was possible. The streets

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at night were like catacombs, and even by daylight one saw little but blind, boarded windows. Things moved toward a breaking-point, and in March 1921, when in Moscow I got a Revel paper announcing the Kronstadt revolt and reporting that Petrograd was being bombarded, I took the train and went to see what might well be the end of the city. The city was undamaged, the revolt was presently crushed, and from this turning-point, with the announcement of the New Economic Policy or the retreat from militant Communism, Petrograd began slowly, inch by inch as it were, to grope its way back to normality.

And now? What of the Petrograd that the present-day visitor finds? It looks very much as it did in old days, but for the gaps where wooden houses or scaffoldings have been taken down and burned. A friend commented on this as we were driving to the station, and the sledge-driver turned angrily round: 'Would you have us die of cold, so that the town should look nice for visitors?' — a sharp reminder that the Revolution is still alive.

The main landmarks of Petrograd are unchanged: the gold spire of the fortress beyond the river, the blue dome of the Mohammedan mosque, the Bourse, still marked by the machine-gun bullets of 1917, the half-sunken barges. The red walls of the garden at the end of the Winter Palace are gone, and children play on the space within. The shops are open. I was able, without difficulty and cheaply, to get a motor-car to take me to visit some British ships in the port. The Hôtel d'Europe is better than any hotel in Moscow. The Nevskii Prospekt is again a crowded, lively street, and at night the windows blaze and fiery letters invite you to visit cinematograph theatres. But the spirit of the town is different. Petrograd and Moscow have changed functions in the life of Russia.

The removal of the capital, the disappearance of the Court, have left this convalescent Petrograd with nothing to hope for but an importance as entirely commercial as was formerly that of Moscow. The Winter Palace and Tsarskoe Selo are relics, no more — interesting solely as historical monuments. Ambitious young people, seeking careers, think not of Petrograd but of Moscow. Petrograd, an outlying city, has no longer any artificial buttress to its importance. It has a chance of being the Russian Liverpool; it has ceased to be the Russian London. It is now a town with struggling industries, a harbor on the Baltic, which, by historical accident, contains one of the finest picture-galleries in Europe and some excellent theatres.

By the Nikolai Station the heavy figure of Alexander III still sits upon his monstrous horse, a thing immovable, unshakable, not to be disturbed, and seems to have taken a new symbolism upon itself, and to be not only a criticism of the old autocracy but also an image of the huge vitality of Russia, which even in this *tour de force* of an artificial city remains, scarcely perturbed by events, cannot be crushed, and will still remain to confute anew all prophets of its collapse.

II

FORTIFIED with a letter from the Russian commercial delegation in Copenhagen and inspired by the firm resolution to see as much as possible of the Russia of to-day, I stood one afternoon early in October before the Krasno-Ostrov or the 'Red Island' Station, formerly called Belo-Ostrov or the 'White

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Island' Station, ready to enter the S. S. S. R., which is now the official name of what was formerly the Russian Empire. The station was gray and depressing, a disagreeable change from the clean and bright Finnish station Rajajoki, which we had left a few minutes before. The customs inspection was anything but thorough; the only contraband that interests the Russian officials is printed matter, and my Swedish and Finnish newspapers were confiscated. Otherwise one may bring into Russia anything whatever — tobacco, liquors, clothes; none of those things interested the customs guard at Krasno-Ostrov.

We were only a few travelers; altogether seven, from seven different countries. Japan and the United States, as well as Georgia, were represented. During the long wait at the border we were brought together. All were placed in the only carriage in the train with soft seats — the class distinction on the railroads has been abolished — and after an hour and a half we resumed our journey toward Petrograd. An hour later we arrived at the Finland Station of the former Russian capital. It looked very much run down. Clearly nothing has been done during these years to keep it in repair. As soon as we reached the street, we were surrounded by hack-drivers, and after a long discussion I arrived at an agreement with one of them to take me to the Hôtel d'Europe for 300 new rubles.

My first impression of Petrograd was terrible. The streets are filled with dirt and puddles of water. The pavement consists of roughly joined stone blocks. Every house seems indescribably run down. In this part of the city two out of three stand empty. We drove through streets where not a single house was occupied. All were slowly crumbling. This gives a gruesome impression. I felt as if I were passing through a mediæval city where the pest had raged. The old bourgeois quarters, the so-called French quay along the Neva, stand empty. In one of the former palaces the Government has installed a fuel station and in front of it stood a few cigarette-smoking youths, who stared at the passing 'hackney' with its 'middle-class' passengers from different countries.

As we penetrated the city we noticed a few attempts at reconstruction. Something has been done to restore the trolley-car service and to repair the paving, and on Nevskii Prospekt the result as far as the driveway is concerned has been quite good. The sidewalks, on the other hand, are in an extremely wretched condition. Every second flagstone is gone.

This old central traffic-artery, the most elegant avenue of old St. Petersburg, does not look as it did formerly. Many buildings even here are sadly dilapidated. But it is, after all, the street that seems the least changed. While the stores on the outskirts of the city are generally closed with boards nailed across the windows, all the business houses along the Nevskii are open.

It is no exaggeration to say that every third shop is a bookstore. Literature seems to have had a true renaissance in this city where until recently the population suffered terribly from famine. Most of the stores belong to the Government, as indicated by the Soviet insignia, the hammer and the sickle, over the door, but there are also quite a number of private concerns selling dry goods, imported groceries, glassware, and the like. There are also chocolate shops and flower stores, where the most gorgeous orchids greet the observer.

Truly it is a city of the most varying aspects. The people on the streets are almost all worse than plainly clad, and

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yet there are no really ragged persons, as is the case in so many other Slav countries.

From the Nevskii the coachman swung to the left toward the Hôtel d'Europe. This hotel is now managed by the Government through a Council of Administration, which has its offices one flight up. There hang pictures of Lenin and Trotskii, but they are the only sign of Communism one can discover in this modernly equipped 'hotel de luxe,' where the rooms are more expensive than in other European big cities and where the service is extraordinarily good. Everywhere in the building are old engravings and other pictures of crowned heads and statesmen of the old régime. My own room contained a portrait of King Peter of Serbia and another of Marie Antoinette.

In the dining-room, which looks like an immense winter garden, I had an excellent meal for a gold ruble. It was served on old Imperial porcelain. When I looked at the napkin I discovered even there an Imperial crown and underneath the monogram 'AIII.' Consequently it once belonged to Emperor Alexander III. Another day the tablecloth bore the monogram 'HII,' — H is the Russian letter for N, — that of Nicholas II. The glassware was marked the same way. It once belonged to grand ducal families, so that one cannot complain of the table furnishings, though they were acquired by rather unusual methods.

Foreigners sit side by side with Commissioners and other Soviet delegates, who seem to thrive quite well here. Coffee is served in a grillroom, where during the evening hours there is a lively scene. Elegantly dressed women abound, but it is not hard to guess their character. After all they are not the usual 'demimonde,' common in other large European cities. One can learn a great deal from these rouged faces — romances of their own sort.

Among the figures I saw there was a pale young girl, who came to my table and wanted to sell postal cards. When I had bought some, she put her hand on mine and whispered, 'You are a foreigner; won't you take me back to the country you come from?' The naïve question, put in an embarrassed and winsome way, made me smile. Then the young girl began to talk alternately in English, French, and German — all these languages she used with equal ease and elegance — and soon I was initiated into the plot of a whole novel.

She was a daughter of the famous Russian statesman, Count Witte, and the Baroness Kubetsky, and she certainly gave the impression of being extraordinarily intelligent. She was fighting a hard battle to escape the apparently inevitable. She had received a brilliant education, danced, played, and sang, and she had even appeared in recent years on the stage, whenever she was able to get an engagement. She was so happy because I treated her to coffee and cookies, the first things she had had to eat that day. The only promise I could make her was to try to find her a stage engagement abroad, and like a shadow from a past period she slid out of sight — one of the survivors of the great shipwreck.

Next day was Sunday and early in the morning I was awakened by the ringing of church bells. It sounded both impressive and surprising. There really was divine service in this Petrograd of the Bolsheviki. When I later came down on the Nevskii I saw in front of one of the fine old churches small groups of people. Their faces were eloquent. Though plainly, almost poorly clad, these people had features that spoke clearly of the old bourgeoisie.

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Here they were gathered, apparently not without hope, despite all they had been through.

Soon the picture changed. When I got farther down the street I saw simple folk, plainly belonging to another social stratum, fathers leading their children to the museums. . . . In front of several of the museums on Nevskii the visitors formed quite a crowd. Indeed the best thing one can say of the new rulers is that they do their best to encourage the education of the children and general enlightenment.

I found a guide who was eager to explain everything. We passed 'Dom Sovietov,' the old Hotel Astoria, where the Communists now live. Here Zinoviev, who during a number of years has been all-powerful here in Petrograd, has had his offices. Now he has been pushed a bit into the background. I met one of his secretaries, who formerly was a teacher in Copenhagen. Zinoviev himself is not allowed to receive a correspondent of a 'middle-class' paper. He did so once a few years ago and Lenin publicly gave him a thorough scolding. Now everything is concentrated at the Smolny Institute, where one can say that the Revolution originated.

From the Dom Sovietov our course went to the Winter Palace along Millionnaia Street with its princely palaces and the Hermitage. Even here the deterioration was frightful. Most of the houses along this street, formerly so gorgeous, stand empty. A couple of grand ducal palaces have been destroyed entirely, so that only the smoky walls remain standing, and they threaten to collapse. One tragedy follows the other. Only the gigantic palace of Grand Duke Vladimir is occupied. It has been renamed 'Dom Akademii' and here all the professors at Petrograd University reside. They live rent free, but very simply. Everything is dirty and shabby in this palace, where formerly all was so glittering and brilliant.

But everything in this city is not distressing. Money can be made and has been made in the Petrograd of to-day. 'Watch out,' said a banker to me, 'in a few years Petrograd will become a second Klondike.' Already business men have arrived from several foreign countries, particularly the United States and Germany. They have settled down. Many schemes can be worked out here. Gold can yet be squeezed out of this impoverished city, which is gradually disintegrating. However, it is no longer a centre of Empire. It has been illtreated in more than one respect. It is in itself a great tragedy. . . .

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THE COMING ELECTIONS IN FRANCE

BY DENIS GWYNN

[It is worth noting that since this was written M. Herriot, Radical floor-leader, has stated in the Chamber of Deputies that if he were in power he would not abandon the Ruhr occupation. As a whole the proposed Bloc des Gauches has not yet committed itself. The crimes for which the anticlericals Caillaux and Malvy were sentenced to exile were chiefly of a political nature.]

From the *Irish Statesman, December 22*
(DUBLIN FREE-STATE WEEKLY)

THE New Year will plunge France into general elections, the issue of which cannot fail to be of very great importance to all Europe. Not only the Chambre des Députés, but a considerable part of the Senate also, will have to be renewed in the early months of the year; and if present indications are to be trusted there may easily be such a sweeping change in French politics as will bring back a Radical Government — with a programme that will most probably involve reconciliation with Germany, and a revival of anticlericalism at home. The economic and political results of both policies, if they are applied, must inevitably affect all the countries adjacent to France; and France is almost as close to Ireland, geographically, as England is.

A return of the Radicals to power might involve either reconstruction in Central Europe or bankruptcy in France; it might quite possibly involve both. It will almost certainly involve a renewed attack upon the Church. And so much will turn upon whether they do come back to power next spring that the result of the Senatorial elections on January 6 will be watched with close attention as a sign of what is likely to take place in the much more important elections of the Chambre des Députés in early April. Only one third of the Senate has to be renewed in January, but the constituencies are distributed all over France; for the French Constitution decrees that, although each Senator is elected for nine years, one third of the whole Senate must retire every three years, and for the purpose of these triennial elections the ninety departments of France are divided into three equal groups, according to alphabetical order.

Each candidate for the Senate must have reached forty years of age, and the electorate is much more restricted than for the Chambre des Députés, but these restrictions are no guaranty of conservative tendencies. On the contrary, the electoral colleges for the Senate in each Department may be relied upon to reflect faithfully the recent changes of public opinion; for they comprise (1) the Deputies, Councillors-General, and District Councillors of the Department, and (2) delegates chosen by the municipal council of each commune in proportion to the population. Hence, the verdict of these electoral colleges in January may be regarded as showing the probable tendency of the popular elections, which three months later are to renew the whole Chambre des Députés.

And within those three months the reaction against the present Conservative Parliament, which has now existed since November 1920, will have had

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time to gather momentum. That reaction is already fast gaining strength. Three months ago it was true to say that M. Poincaré represented virtually all France. It is not true to say so even now; and it will be still less true in January. This is not because the Senate has a Left majority, while the Chambre des Députés has a Right majority. M. Poincaré's strength lies in the fact that he has always been, and still is, an *homme de gauche*, who is an ardent Nationalist. That is why he has been able to carry the Senate, as well as the Chambre, in support of his deliberately military policy in regard to Germany; for while he personifies all that is most genuinely patriotic in French nationalism — being, as he loves to say of himself, a 'Frenchman of the borders,' which in his case means Lorraine — he has been able to maintain the support of all the Bloc National, mainly because he cannot be accused of any wavering in his Republican and democratic convictions.

That is why extreme Conservatives have followed him in spite of his strongly Republican and anticlerical past; while the parties of the Left have supported him in spite of his being the idol of the reactionary generals, and an advocate of reconciliation with the Church. Both parties alike have recognized his strength in diplomacy, his stern convictions, and his ruthlessly logical application of his narrow principles, his untiring industry and public spirit, and his absolute determination to leave no means untried that might force Germany to pay for the reconstruction of devastated France.

So long as they were still able to believe that M. Poincaré would deliver the goods, the French parties have almost all been ranged steadfastly behind him. Three months ago their faith was still unshaken, and M. Poincaré's position was as strong as that of a ship's captain in a storm at sea. It is only because the Ruhr policy has failed to pay its way, and because people in France are beginning to realize dimly the vast consequences of its failure, that confidence in M. Poincaré is shaken, and a movement of public opinion toward the Left has begun which may yet lead to a landslide before the elections. Confidence begins to fail as it becomes apparent that, even though they capitulate to the French terms, the German industrialists in the Rhineland cannot now possibly pay even as much as they were paying before the occupation of the Ruhr began. If France could work the Ruhr without German labor, the occupation would in itself be a guaranty of payment. But France has not even labor enough to rebuild her own devastated districts, which are full of laborers from Central and Eastern Europe, who cannot even speak or understand French.

As for attempting to take over the complicated mechanism of the Ruhr mines and heavy industries, that has been regarded as impossible from the beginning by all who understood what the Ruhr was like; and people are beginning now to understand everywhere that the problem cannot be solved. The question therefore arises, whether anyone can reasonably continue to base France's foreign and financial policies upon any promise by the German industrialists to pay a crushing annual tribute which must continue for generations — and above all, when the rest of Germany is rapidly falling to pieces. If Germany falls to pieces, it is impossible to expect the Rhineland alone to shoulder the whole burden of Reparations.

If these facts are becoming understood in France, it is largely because the parties of the Left have all this year been conducting an increasingly intensive campaign of propaganda to dis-

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credit the Ruhr policy and to demand the overthrow of M. Poincaré and his Bloc National at the elections in the spring. Under the weight of their attacks M. Poincaré is forced to rely always more upon his supporters on the Right; while the Centre begins to waver in its allegiance. M. Poincaré is at present endeavoring to break free from this dependence upon the Right, to consolidate his forces in the Centre. But that can only mean compromise, and compromise in his position is tantamount to failure. There is no middle course. The Ruhr policy must be either pursued ruthlessly or else abandoned.

The Bloc des Gauches demands its abandonment, and with this programme all the old leaders of the Left are taking the field before the elections. Even Caillaux and Malvy, convicted of treason in the war for secret negotiations with Germany, have come into the open again, and are gradually winning a large and always increasing support.

They protest that their alleged treason was the only rational method of preventing the situation which has now arisen, and that only by reconciliation can Germany be made to pay, and France thus saved from bankruptcy. For the French budget already involves an expenditure of over two thirds of the national revenue upon interest charges on the war and reconstruction loans.

Obviously such a situation cannot endure. Nor can the occupation of the Ruhr be maintained indefinitely. That can only make the financial chaos worse, besides leading France straight toward a further war. M. Poincaré may blame England and America for the failure of his gamble in the Ruhr, but he cannot escape responsibility. And unless France is prepared to continue occupying the Ruhr the electorate must vote against him and for the Bloc des Gauches, who alone have an alternative policy. Whether they will be able to make Germany pay may well be doubted. It is more likely that they will blame M. Poincaré for having left Germany incapable of paying.

But the huge gap between French expenditure and revenue must somehow be bridged; even if the further expenditure of some twenty-five billions required to complete the reconstruction of the northeast has to be abandoned for lack of funds. It may be that France will have to face some form of national bankruptcy, and that the Radicals and Socialists — who are already paving the way for repudiation of these loans by their persistent denunciations of the profiteers — will, if they are once safely returned on a more moderate programme at the next elections, proceed within the four years' life of Parliament to carry out some such policy of repudiation.

Their foreign policy would be a vast relief to Europe if it led France out of the Ruhr. The trouble is that their internal policy is as ferociously anticlerical as ever. And it is more than possible that if the Radicals do come back to power they will develop their present revival of anticlerical propaganda into a fierce attack upon the Church in France, under cover of which they would denounce as enemies of the Republic, and priest-ridden reactionaries, all who attempt to oppose the drastic policy of confiscation by which alone they could hope to restore the financial stability of France.

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A VISIT TO BERNARD SHAW

BY SIEGFRIED TREBITSCH

[It is hard to see how Bernard Shaw can be successfully translated, just as it is hard to see how Shakespeare can be translated, — we beg Mr. Shaw's pardon for mentioning that unworthy man in the same breath, — but the fact remains that both dramatists have been superlatively well produced in Germany. This lends peculiar interest to the resumption of relations between the most amusing of British dramatists and his German admirers. The present article is the second account of a renewal of acquaintanceship with Shaw by a German which has appeared in the Living Age. *The last appeared in the* Living Age *for September 2, 1922. Herr Trebitsch is the German translator of* Saint Joan, *the new Shaw play.]*

From *Vossische Zeitung, November 28*
(Berlin Liberal Daily)

My desire to see a friend once more may account for my vow to overcome all difficulties and all considerations to the contrary in order to receive a new work from the master's own hand. The work was there. *Saint Joan* was calling; I must get the manuscript; and so I was permitted the privilege, after a separation of nine years, to meet once more the man who had been the greatest human, intellectual, and artistic experience — yes, the inspiration — of my youth. For several weeks we corresponded with regard to the time of my coming, until at length the day and hour were fixed.

The preparations for the journey were simpler than I had feared. The English Embassy warned me to pin my faith to their visa alone, although even in spite of it I could be sent back across the Channel in case I had no certificate from a British subject to show, stating that my presence in England was either necessary or profitable to him. Shaw had written me a whimsical letter for this purpose, which I was to show at the frontier. It served its purpose and put the stern passport-inspectors in the highest good-humor.

How much had happened since the last time I had climbed into the Pullman car in which one is borne so comfortably at breakneck speed from the chalk cliffs of the English coast to the huge city of London! A whole world, with all the security that seemed assured, — for the short space of a man's life at least, — had been lifted off its pivot; but here everything seemed unaltered. Here was still the old world. If through some miracle it had been granted one to wake out of a ten years' sleep as people do in fairy tales, he would have found nothing changed. He would have seen no sign that would have warned him what a hell this paradise had become in which we all at one time, with stupid unsuspicion, failed really to appreciate our careless good-fortune.

How dark are the railway stations at home in comparison with the brilliantly illuminated Victoria Station into which my train thundered, punctual to the minute! The brightly beaming street testified to a well-organized, laborious peace, and the security of all those things which long ago were shaken to their foundations for us Germans. And now I experienced a sensation for which I had often wished and which I had often felt in anticipation. Down the platform, which already seemed a

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part of the street, crowded with men and vehicles, there came a laughing face, and as I gripped the outstretched hand of my old friend, and as I saw the kindly eyes gleaming with high spirits, I knew that although the years had covered hair and beard with snow they had not been able to take away the vigor of youth. For a second an inner joy held back my words of greeting, and it was only when we were beyond the confines of London and spinning along toward Bernard Shaw's country home that convention was restored to its rights and a lively interchange of question and answer began.

Now Shaw turned his attention to steering his motor, which, with London left behind, was running along a beautifully paved country road. As darkness fell we had already passed Hatfield. From here to Ayot St. Lawrence, the goal of our journey, is but an hour's walk on foot, yet within ten minutes we were driving up in front of the dramatist's delightful country house, in the arch of whose open door his charming wife greeted me as heartily and familiarly as if the last time I had been their guest was but a week in the past.

Now began a searching conversation on the times through which we had lived. We went back through it all. The most terrible years of the war were discussed, the most bitter experiences, moods, and impressions depicted, and finally explanations and ideas made known which could not have been trusted to letters; but both of us hastened as speedily as possible over these painful experiences that we might not spoil a good time with unpleasant memories.

Shaw was in high feather, and had every reason to be. His monumental work, *Back to Methuselah*, — which, after the great and successful production of the Theatre Guild in New York, had not yet been given in England, where it was unknown to the stage, — had just been produced with surprising success in the dreary business city of Birmingham. This dramatic colossus, the form and stage for which must still be sought, — written as it is for special occasions, — required five evenings for its performance. All the theatre-managers had shrunk from it in terror, although they might have guessed from moving-picture productions, which often have to be divided into eight separate showings, that plays can be given in succession when each part is so effective, so interesting, and so well worth seeing that the audience remains tense with interest in its continuous development.

A new man, Jackson by name, had acted on this conviction and had made himself a name thereby, besides giving a worthy production to the greatest work of a world-famous author. Shaw, delighted with the handiwork of his newest apostle, was frankly surprised over its success, which he would not have thought possible in England. He continues with good reason to wonder why we Germans — who have so much understanding of his work, and so much comprehension of it — still fail to undertake the production of his 'Ring,' as he jokingly calls his pentalogy, which, in its five successive evenings, must flame ever upward in order to illuminate a wide-ranging field of thought with more than a merely dramatic appeal, creating, as it does, a new attitude toward life and a new evaluation of existence.

I think Shaw has said somewhere, 'I do not want happiness, but the completion of my work'; but for all that, content over the success of so unusual an achievement must have brought the writer something very like happiness. At least a gleam of

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high contentment illuminated his face all the while I was with him. The great purpose, which for a whole year had held the creator of *Back to Methuselah* in its grip, was attained, but an incomparable, indefatigable love for work had meantime urged this restless mind on to a new undertaking. We are still awaiting the German production of *Back to Methuselah*, while the English version of *Saint Joan*, just brought to completion, is about to begin its triumphal progress over the British stage.

For the admirers of this brilliant man's great works it was no small delight and a privilege of no slight importance to hear Shaw read his own writings for the first time. Every author whose vision penetrates beyond the shadows of the soul, and who thereby becomes a prophet, reads what he has written in the same way that he has created it. That is to say, the voice that hitherto has been perceptible to himself alone, the inner voice, now becomes audible, and the listener, if he is capable of comprehension, may come closer to the gates of inspiration, to the original source of literary production.

And so, sitting there and listening with closed eyes, I lived through the first act of the new work. Shaw reads with tremendous intensity. Every word is alive, the least of his scenes showing its necessity in the clearest light. At once I understood why he stands out more stubbornly against cuts than most other authors, who, for the sake of stage requirements, permit necessary alterations even at the price of loss in beauty. The organic unity of each sentence, the literary quality of Shaw's diction, are obvious. The impression one gets of an earnest play only slightly touched with his humor betrays also the depth of his historical studies and the fidelity with which in this work he has given unconditioned honor to the truth. The *Jungfrau von Orleans* has become the unaffected soldier-maid, the simple peasant child who, raised by our great Schiller to tragic dignity, appears like a goddess in his poetry.

This unusually effective drama, which is probably to have its first production in England this very year, haunted me on my way home, and the memory of its human and literary beauty shortened the long journey for me. The play, which consists of seven acts and an epilogue, includes several brilliant scenes, especially that of the Maid with the bastard of Orleans, the crowning of the French King, and above all the trial, in which Joan is condemned to death at the stake unless she gives up her visions and her heroes and renounces their deeds. Incapable of comprehending the distinction between God and the Church, but filled with a limitless hunger for life, Joan is ready to buy her freedom at the price of a formality which cannot

First act, third scene, of the next new and original play by Mr. G. Bernard Shaw.
— London Mercury

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affect her inner life. She prepares to sign a document involving her renunciation and recantation of her heresies, together with a pledge henceforth to put no trust in her inner voices but to look to the Church and the Pope for her legitimate spiritual guidance. She cannot write, but is ready, as usual, to let her hand be guided in order to place her signature on the parchment.

Now follows one of the most fascinating scenes in modern dramatic literature. Joan yearns for freedom, which — at peace with herself and firm in an unshakable belief in her inner voices — she thinks cannot be too dearly purchased. Then, to her horror, comes a message from the inquisitors that she may, indeed, escape with her life, but in order to atone for her sins she must be punished with life captivity. In despair she snatches up the deceitful document and tears it to bits. In affecting words she declares that a quick death is a far milder punishment than the proposal of her treacherous deliverers. Now, in a powerful passage, the Maid condemned to be burned to death describes the meaning of personal liberty and ends with the cry to her judges: 'Now I know that your counsel is of the Devil and that mine is of God.'

There is, perhaps, no work by Shaw with so many unforgettable expressions and so many quotable sentences as his *Saint Joan*, and therefore I select at random a few of the most striking. In the court scene, when Joan is brought in to hear the verdict, occur these noteworthy words of a reluctant inquisitor, 'It is the ignorant who suffer, not the guilty,' and again, 'The world is saved neither by its priests nor its soldiers, but by God and his saints.' In the epilogue the apparition of Joan asks: 'Who has broken my sword? My sword was never broken. It is the sword of France.' Dunois replies: 'Swords can be mended. Your soul is unbroken; and you are the soul of France.' There is also Joan's final appealing prayer: 'O God that madest this beautiful earth, when will it be ready to receive thy saints? How long, O Lord, how long?'

From many a scene of *Saint Joan* emerge undertones of scarcely concealed despair of the good will of man.

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BUILDERS

BY ALOJZ KRAIGHER

[Alojz Kraigher is one of the younger Yugoslav writers — a novelist, poet, and dramatist. In this story he gives an insight into that yearning for the soil which has led to the breaking-up of the big estates in all the new countries of Central Europe.]

From *Ljubljanski Zvon, September*
(Slovenian Literary Monthly)

Within the glaring circle of the driver's lantern the rumps of the two mares rose and fell rapidly, like vessels on turbulent water, as the sleigh sped along the snow-covered road. The outlines of the animals' broad backs and their harness were obscured by the steam that rose from their frothing bodies. The sleigh bells jingled so that they all but drowned the clatter of hoofs and the squeaking of the runners. In the sky scintillated myriads of stars, and the fields, under a dim white blanket, stretched away till they met the woods and the hills.

The mares were laboriously ascending the last grade before coming to the town while the driver urged them on, flicking his whip above them.

'Hey, Brownie, old girl, get up! You 're on an important errand!' shouted the man in the sleigh through his frozen moustache. 'And you too, Blackie, don't try to hang yourself on that old lady by your side! Get up!' He swung his whip impatiently and then lifted the lantern to see the road ahead of him.

The animals increased their pace, desperately jerking their heads up the hill, and now and then slipping on the smooth, frozen road. At the crossroads the driver turned off on the little side-road and presently halted in front of a small, rather prosperous-looking house that lay huddled in a clump of trees. He quickly threw a couple of blankets over the steaming mares, took the lantern, and hastened toward the door, where he pressed the electric button.

As the sharp, thin sound of the bell cut into the stillness of this comfortable dwelling and then died away, the man's gaze first paused for a moment on the gold letters of the doctor's shingle above the door and then turned to the windows, to wait for a light to appear in response to his call.

A window rattled and, as it opened slightly, a woman's head, wrapped in a shawl, appeared.

'Who is it? What do you wish?'

'It 's me, Andrei Klobasar from Graschina,' answered the man below. 'My brother Martin is sick. The *gospod* doctor knows him well. He has taken the doctor on many a sick-call, and now he needs a doctor himself. Pneumonia or something like that. Please call the gospod doctor. I am here with the sleigh.'

'All right! I 'll call him right away.'

'Thank you, lady, and good-night to you. I hope I 'm not making too much trouble for you.'

'Oh no, we 're used to this sort of thing. Good-night!'

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Andrei Klobasar returned to his horses and with the aid of his lantern looked to see whether the harness was in order. He readjusted Brownie's bit, patted Blackie on her neck, tightened up the straps above her blinds, and, mumbling something about their both being 'two good old girls,' he returned to the sleigh, prepared the seat for the doctor, and sat down to wait.

A little while later he and the doctor sped down the grade into the cold, biting night.

Andrei was rather uncomfortable — perhaps not so much on account of the lack of room in the seat as because of the discomposure which he, like most peasants, felt in such proximity to an educated, refined gentleman. Besides, the lantern was now swinging against his left shin, the glass rattled, and the flame faltered in the wind. Though he seemed lightly dressed, he did not feel the cold.

The doctor was wrapped in a heavy fur coat, and between the collar and the large fur cap his nose and eyeglasses, which flashed in the leaping rays of the lantern, were all that could be seen.

If Martin Klobasar had sent for him, the doctor said to himself, he must undoubtedly be seriously ill. Martin's thriftiness was close to niggardliness. He was not a man to waste money on doctors. The physician knew that the man had weak lungs, that he often coughed, but he had never heard him complain. Martin Klobasar had often come for him to take him to some other house in the village, thereby making a little extra money, and on the way he had occasionally asked what was the best thing for this or that ailment, but always in a roundabout way, so that the doctor could not possibly consider his queries a consultation for which he could charge a fee. Now that Martin had actually called him, he was no doubt in serious need.

The sleigh turned from the high-road on a narrow side-road. Andrei Klobasar pulled the reins, snapped the whip, and as the sleigh went sailing on swiftly and smoothly he finally turned to the doctor and said: 'Martin 's been sick for the last three days, but he did n't let me come for you.'

'Oh, I see,' said the doctor.

'It 's only a bad cold, he said,' Andrei went on, having somewhat overcome his shyness and discomfort. 'But then, to-day he had fever and coughed, and toward evening he could n't breathe at times, and something was stabbing him under the heart.'

'Hm —'

'So he began to fear that maybe it was pneumonia and he sent me to get you.'

Andrei swung his whip and adjusted the blanket over the doctor's knees.

'But Martin sure is afraid of dying. You see, he 's been putting up new buildings on his farm these last few years — stable, barn, tool shed, chicken house. He denied himself everything to build up the farm our father left him, and now he 's got almost everything new and up-to-date except the house. Fact is that the house is crumbling to pieces, while about it stand those fine new barns and sheds. That 's what I think makes him afraid of dying. He wants to build up, get rid of the debt. Besides, the kids are small yet.'

'Perhaps it is n't so serious,' said the doctor.

'God knows,' said Andrei. 'Hey, Brownie, get up! Blackie! You 're

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hauling health, not going to a funeral.'

At last they pulled into a spacious courtyard with clean large new buildings on one side and a sad-looking little shack on the other.

The low room with small windows and a smoky ceiling was lighted up by the faint glow of a sooty lamp hanging in the corner above the large oak table. A bench about the tile stove in one corner, a few chairs and a bench by the table, two beds, and a few pictures of saints on the walls — these were practically all the movables in the room.

The room was nearly full of visiting villagers. Some of them approached the doctor, greeted him, and assisted him to get out of his heavy overcoat and overshoes.

The sick man lay on the larger bed and looked at the doctor with beseeching eyes.

'Good evening, Martin,' said the doctor; 'or rather, good morning — it 's nearly dawn.'

'Shall I last to see it — the dawn, gospod doctor?' asked the sick man weakly.

'Now don't despair, Klobasar. Keep up your courage!'

'It 's stabbing me, and now and then it shuts off my wind. Can you help me, gospod doctor?' The sick man's face was a tragedy, as he gazed at the doctor as if trying to read in his eyes whether he was going to die or live — and build. His large, bony hand suddenly rose from under the covers and grasped the doctor's desperately. 'Save me, gospod doctor! I 'll pay you — I 'll pay you as much as you want. I must live — live, so I can — so I can finish!'

'Don't excite yourself, Martin,' said Franca, his wife, tears streaming down her face, and placed his hand under the quilt. 'Have faith! The gospod doctor has come to help you.'

'Courage, Klobasar!' said the doctor, preparing to examine the man. 'At first sight you don't appear to be so dangerously ill.'

The visitors left the room and the doctor, assisted by Klobasar's wife, made his examination, whereupon he replaced his instruments in his case, seated himself on the chair Franca had brought to the side of the bed, felt Martin's pulse, and lost himself in thought.

Martin's face was contorted by pain and his breath was reduced to a rapid gasping. His glance was full of hope, full of despair, full of faith, too, in this man who perhaps had it in his power to keep him alive and let him go on working.

'Is it — is it pneumonia, gospod doctor?'

'Yes, pneumonia,' answered the doctor. 'It is a common sickness at this time of the year. But — well, you are strong and fully capable of getting over it.'

'It is n't too late?'

'Of course not, you little fool!' exclaimed his wife before the doctor could answer, wiping the sweat from his brow.

'Of course not,' repeated the doctor. 'I shall do everything I can.' Then he turned to Franca and gave her his instructions.

Martin felt that this was the most critical moment of his existence. He felt that if he succumbed now all the work that had been part of his life, all that had made it worth living, would also collapse. He must live, he must pull through despite everything.

He half rose in his bed and grasped the doctor's arm, pulling the doctor closer to him.

'Doctor, don't let me die!' he

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cried desperately. 'My work is only half done, my principal task is still before me. I have it all planned out in my head. Who could finish it if I should die? Oh, gospod doctor, everything would come to a standstill. Franca is a woman and she does n't know how to go about it. And the children, look at them — mere tots, the girl three years, the boy seven years. Come here, Francek; come here, Nezika!'

The children sat on the stove, watching the scene before them. The boy, a sturdy little chap, now crawled down and approached the sick bed.

'Hello, my little man,' said the doctor, patting the boy's head and shaking his hand. 'You 'd better stay up on the stove. Your father is too sick, he must n't talk so much.' Then, turning to Martin, he said: 'You talk too much, Klobasar. That 's bad for you.'

But Martin was not to be stopped. His idea was so big and engrossing to him that this little matter of his lungs and heart was too insignificant at the moment to make him heed the doctor's warning.

'I 've built the stable, the barn, and the sheds with my own hands — with these hands. Look at them, doctor! I did it all myself. I cut down the timber in my own wood. I hewed it, sawed it up, and hauled it home. I dug up clay out of my own ground and made brick for the walls and tile for the roofs. I went to the quarry and got the rock.' The enemy in his chest tried to strangle him for a moment, but after a while he resumed: 'Slowly, year by year, I did it — built up the place. I was king on my soil. I built my kingdom — all but my palace, my court, my house. Maybe you saw the piles of lumber and brick in the courtyard as you came in. I hauled in last fall and started hewing and sawing this winter. Next fall I planned to make more brick and then build the following spring. And now — and now, gospod doctor?'

There was a prayer in his bloodshot, feverish eyes, as he looked at the doctor.

His wife wept at the foot of the bed. 'You 'll build, Martin! Don't worry, you 'll build!'

Little Nezika on the stove, seeing her mother in tears, began to cry also; while Francek, standing at a distance away from the bed, shoved his hands in his pockets, compressed his lips, and an unusual light flashed in his youthful eyes. Then he stepped to the foot of the bed, close to his mother, and said: 'But if dad does n't build it, I will.'

The mother was amazed at the little fellow's words, while his father, writhing in pain on the bed, started and rose on his elbow, despite the protest of the doctor.

'But daddy *will* build the house himself,' said the woman to her boy.

'Well, I said if dad does n't, *I* will. See?' And the strange, manly determination flashed anew in his eyes.

'Come here, Francek!' Martin Klobasar called his son. 'Come here!'

Francek stepped to his father and the eyes of two men, two builders, met and they understood each other.

'Shake, my boy,' said Martin, stretching out his large, horny hand, the hand of a builder; and the son placed his little hand in it.

The next moment Martin Klobasar sank back in his bed, closed his eyes, and peace spread itself over his tired features.

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MR. BENNETT AND MRS. BROWN

BY VIRGINIA WOOLF

[*Mrs. Woolf, who is the daughter of Sir Leslie Stephen, is the author of two novels,* The Voyage Out *and* Night and Day, *as well as of a collection of short stories, entitled* Monday or Tuesday. *It was of her that Miss Rebecca West said, in a recent interview, 'A brilliant woman, only now taking the place she deserves in modern literature.'*]

From *The Nation and the Athenæum, December* 1
(London Radical Liberal Weekly)

The other day Mr. Arnold Bennett, himself one of the most famous of the Edwardians, surveyed the younger generation and said: 'I admit that for myself I cannot yet descry any coming big novelist.' And that, let us say in passing, is all to the good — a symptom of the respectful hostility which is the only healthy relation between old and young. But then he went on to give his reasons for this lamentable fact, and his reasons, which lie deep, deserve much more consideration than his impatience, which lies on the surface.

The Georgians fail as novelists, he said, because 'they are interested more in details than in the full creation of their individual characters. . . . The foundation of good fiction is character-creating, and nothing else. To render secure the importance of a novel it is necessary, further, that the characters should clash with one another,' or, of course, they will excite no emotion in the breast of the author or anybody else. None of this is new; all of it is true; yet here we have one of those simple statements which are no sooner taken into the mind than they burst their envelopes and flood us with suggestions of every kind.

The novel is a very remarkable machine for the creation of human character, we are all agreed. Directly it ceases to create character, its defects alone are visible. And it is because this essence, this character-making power, has evaporated that novels are for the most part the soulless bodies we know, cumbering our tables and clogging our minds. That, too, may pass. Few reviewers at least are likely to dispute it. But if we go on to ask when this change began, and what were the reasons behind it, then agreement is much more difficult to come by. Mr. Bennett blames the Georgians. Our minds fly straight to King Edward. Surely that was the fatal age, the age which is just breaking off from our own, the age when character disappeared or was mysteriously engulfed, and the culprits, happily still alive, active, and unrepentant, are Mr. Wells, Mr. Galsworthy, and Mr. Bennett himself.

But in lodging such a charge against so formidable a library we must do as painters do when they wish to reduce the innumerable details of a crowded landscape to simplicity — step back, half shut the eyes, gesticulate a little vaguely with the fingers, and reduce Edwardian fiction to a view. Thus treated, one strange fact is immediately apparent. Every sort of town is represented, and innumerable institutions; we see factories, prisons, workhouses, law courts, Houses of Parliament; a general clamor, the voice of aspiration, indignation, effort, and in-

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dustry, rises from the whole; but in all this vast conglomeration of printed pages, in all this congeries of streets and houses, there is not a single man or woman whom we know.

Figures like Kipps or the sisters — already nameless — in the *Old Wives' Tale* attempt to contradict this assertion, but with how feeble a voice and how flimsy a body is apparent directly they are stood beside some character from that other great tract of fiction which lies immediately behind them in the Victorian age. For there, if we follow the same process, but recall one novel, and that — *Pendennis* — not one of the most famous, at once start out, clear, vigorous, alive from the curl of their eyelashes to the soles of their boots, half-a-dozen characters whose names are no sooner spoken than we think of scene after scene in which they play their parts. We see the Major sitting in his club window, fresh from the hands of Morgan; Helen nursing her son in the Temple and suspecting poor Fanny; Warrington grilling chops in his dressing-gown; Captain Shandon scribbling leaders for the *Pall Mall Gazette;* Laura, Blanche Amory, Foker; the procession is endless and alive.

And so it goes on from character to character all through the splendid opulence of the Victorian age. They love, they joke, they hunt, they marry; they lead us from hall to cottage, from field to slum. The whole country, the whole society, is revealed to us, and revealed always in the same way, through the astonishing vividness and reality of the characters.

And it was perhaps on that very account that the Edwardians changed their tactics. Such triumphs could scarcely be rivaled; and, moreover, triumphs once achieved seem to the next generation always a little uninteresting. There was, too, — if we think ourselves into the mind of a writer contemplating fiction about the year 1900, — something plausible, superficial, unreal in all this abundance. No sooner had the Victorians departed than Samuel Butler, who had lived belowstairs, came out, like an observant bootboy, with the family secrets in *The Way of All Flesh.* It appeared that the basement was really in an appalling state. Though the saloons were splendid and the dining-rooms portentous, the drains were of the most primitive description. The social state was a mass of corruption. A sensitive man like Mr. Galsworthy could scarcely step out of doors without barking his shins upon some social iniquity.

A generous mind which knew the conditions in which the Kippses and the Lewishams were born and bred must try at least to fashion the world afresh. So the young novelist became a reformer, and thought with pardonable contempt of those vast Victorian family parties, where the funny man was always funny, the good woman always good, and nobody seemed aware, as they pursued their own tiny lives, that society was rotten and Christianity itself at stake.

But there was another force which made much more subtly against the creation of character, and that was Mrs. Garnett and her translations from Dostoevskii. After reading *Crime and Punishment* and *The Idiot,* how could any young novelist believe in 'characters' as the Victorians had painted them? For the undeniable vividness of so many of them is the result of their crudity. The character is rubbed into us indelibly because its features are so few and so prominent. We are given the keyword — Mr. Dick has King Charles's head; Mr. Brooke, 'I went into that a great deal at one time'; Mrs. Micawber, 'I will never desert Mr. Micawber' — and then, since the choice

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of the keyword is astonishingly apt, our imaginations swiftly supply the rest.

But what keyword could be applied to Raskolnikov, Mishkin, Stavrogin, or Alyosha? These are characters without any features at all. We go down into them as we descend into some enormous cavern. Lights swing about; we hear the boom of the sea; it is all dark, terrible, and uncharted. So we need not be surprised if the Edwardian novelist scarcely attempted to deal with character except in its more generalized aspects. The Victorian version was discredited; it was his duty to destroy all those institutions in the shelter of which character thrives and thickens; and the Russians had shown him — everything or nothing, it was impossible as yet to say which.

The Edwardian novelists therefore give us a vast sense of things in general; but a very vague one of things in particular. Mr. Galsworthy gives us a sense of compassion; Mr. Wells fills us with generous enthusiasm; Mr. Bennett — in his early work — gave us a sense of time. But their books are already a little chill, and must steadily grow more distant, for 'the foundation of good fiction is character-creating, and nothing else,' as Mr. Bennett says; and in none of them are we given a man or woman whom we know.

The Georgians had, therefore, a difficult task before them, and if they have failed, as Mr. Bennett asserts, there is nothing to surprise us in that. To bring back character from the shapelessness into which it has lapsed, to sharpen its edges, deepen its compass, and so make possible those conflicts between human beings which alone rouse our strongest emotions — such was their problem. It was the consciousness of this problem, and not the accession of King George, which produced, as it always produces, the break between one generation and the next. Here, however, the break is particularly sharp, for here the dispute is fundamental.

In real life there is nothing that interests us more than character, that stirs us to the same extremes of love and anger, or that leads to such incessant and laborious speculations about the values, the reasons, and the meaning of existence itself. To disagree about character is to differ in the depths of the being. It is to take different sides, to drift apart, to accept a purely formal intercourse forever. That is so in real life. But the novelist has to go much further and to be much more uncompromising than the friend. When he finds himself hopelessly at variance with Mr. Wells, Mr. Galsworthy, and Mr. Bennett about the character — shall we say? — of Mrs. Brown, it is useless to defer to their superior genius. It is useless to mumble the polite agreements of the drawing-room. He must set about to remake the woman after his own idea. And that, in the circumstances, is a very perilous pursuit.

For what, after all, is character — the way that Mrs. Brown, for instance, reacts to her surroundings — when we cease to believe what we are told about her, and begin to search out her real meaning for ourselves? In the first place, her solidity disappears; her features crumble, the house in which she has lived so long — and a very substantial house it was — topples to the ground. She becomes a will-o'-the-wisp, a dancing light, an illumination gliding up the wall and out of the window, lighting now in freakish malice upon the nose of an archbishop, now in sudden splendor upon the mahogany of the wardrobe. The most solemn sights she turns to ridicule; the most ordinary she invests with beauty. She changes the shape, shifts the accent, of every scene in which she plays her part.

And it is from the ruins and splinters

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of this tumbled mansion that the Georgian writer must somehow reconstruct a habitable dwelling-place; it is from the gleams and flashes of this flying spirit that he must create solid, living, flesh-and-blood Mrs. Brown. Sadly he must allow that the lady still escapes him. Dismally he must admit bruises received in the pursuit. But it is because the Georgians, poets and novelists, biographers and dramatists, are so hotly engaged each in the pursuit of his own Mrs. Brown that theirs is at once the least successful, and the most interesting, hundred years. Moreover, let us prophesy: Mrs. Brown will not always escape. One of these days Mrs. Brown will be caught. The capture of Mrs. Brown is the title of the next chapter in the history of literature; and, let us prophesy again, that chapter will be one of the most important, the most illustrious, the most epoch-making of them all.

MONTMARTRE IS DEAD!

BY SARTI

From *La Tribuna, December* 7
(Rome Liberal Daily)

'Montmartre is dying!' sighed the little old man, looking sorrowfully at the seven-story buildings cutting into the gray sky and annihilating with their immense façades the small one-story houses all around.

Many a time did I hear this complaint in the artistic haunts of Paris. One evening, in a café of Montparnasse, an elegant gentleman with a foreign accent, evidently intending to hurt the feelings of a Montmartre dweller, remarked with a wise smile that, if one did not have the means to frequent the nocturnal cafés so numerous at the foot of the *butte*, this was no reason to deny their existence. Certainly painters, sculptors, and poets cannot to-day take refuge at the Chat Noir or at the Moulin Rouge, but the fact remains that the most elegant women and most lavish money-spenders of Europe nowadays fill the Montmartre restaurants, where they dance, eat, and sing, and where champagne bottles open noisily and serpentine battles go on all night long.

The native of Montmartre listened to all this with a depreciative smile, and, when his adversary finished speaking, said coolly: 'Oh yes. But that is the Montmartre of the imbeciles — and they are welcome to it, too.'

I remembered this scene as I heard my little old man sigh. He was a *montmartrais*, too, but not of the Montmartre which has such a mistaken reputation in the world and which is frequented by rich people who like to spend money, not the place for splendid suppers, bacchanals, and jazz bands, but the picturesque Montmartre which had slowly formed around the ancient abbey that stood upon the hill at the time when Louis XIV reigned in France and up to the Commune — the Montmartre all adorned with windmills like a Flemish land-

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scape, and abounding in small, stuffy *gargotes* and poor wooden dwellings in which painters and sculptors worked and lived their reckless life.

'If it had not been for war time and speculators who interfered with the demolition of old houses, even this house would have been out of existence!' said the little old gentleman.

We were in a little, melancholy-looking room whose walls were covered with old drawings and engravings of Montmartre, yellow with age. My friend was a member of the society, 'Old Montmartre,' and he had collected in that little room whatever tangible reminiscence of old Montmartre he could find. It was a museum — but the most modest of all the museums of Paris. The discovery of the place had cost me and my scholarly guide a good deal of effort and fatigue, for it is situated in a little street that is almost unknown — 22, Rue Turlaque. With this knowledge in your mind, however, you approach number twenty-two and see a door that leads into an obscure passage, by which you reach a small courtyard with sickly trees and very low buildings all around. You enter the courtyard and believe yourself in a Swiss village of little alleys, cabins, and gardens the size of a man's palm. It is an agglomeration of artists' studios. In one of these studios, at the top of a narrow staircase, you may find the Musée du Vieux Montmartre, which is open to the public every first Sunday of the month, from two to four in the afternoon. We knocked at a small door and were ushered in by the little old man.

A map traced with pen and ink shows the site of the ancient abbey, for only those structures within its boundaries rightfully constitute the so-called Montmartre. Another map shows the sites of the first houses and of the windmills of the butte, of which only two remain in existence to-day. The old engravings and pictures reproduce the most picturesque corners of the locality as it used to be. Upon one of them may be seen the ancient — the genuine — interior of the Chat Noir, with artists and literati grouped around the tables. 'Do you see that blond head?' says the little old man. 'It's Maurice Donnay.'

Then he takes us to another glass case, and extracting a tricolor scarf from it announces solemnly: 'This is the scarf that M. Clemenceau used to tie around his waist when he was *Député* from Montmartre.'

The gray light of a winter afternoon in Paris entered through the window. It was cold inside. The voice of the little old man sounded melancholy, tired, discouraged. We took the opportunity of a pause in his explanations and left, thanking him for his attention.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

AT SAN MAMETTE

BY W. FORCE STEAD

[*Observer*]

I FOUND a Calvary worn and gray
  Beside an Alpine road;
I lingered, but none came to pray,
For men and maids were piling hay
  And farmers drove a load
Of crated eggs and honey-jars
  To good Saint Martin's Fair:
These folk arise at droop of stars
  And have small time for prayer.

But they have set a rose to cling,
  Like Mary Magdalene,
About the feet of Christ, and bring
A tribute of mute worshiping,
  Their country faith serene.
And Christ, Who is not hard to please,
  Looks down and understands:
He pours their valley full of peace
  From both His outspread hands.

TO VAN GOGH

BY ETHEL E. MANNIN

[*Sunday Times*]

SUNFLOWERS you loved, O Dreamer,
  And almond trees in bloom;
And peasants with furrowed faces,
  And the beaten gold of broom;
These things you loved; and mountains
  Where goat-foot paths go down;
You wrought them in living colors —
  While the world called you Clown.

Does it matter to you now sleeping
  With the turbulent days all done,
That the world was dumb and blind
  Whilst you lived, and dreamed in Arlesian sun?
You, with your artist's soul afire
For a world shaped nearer your heart's desire.

Blossoms you loved, and color,
  And the purple shade of trees,
A crimson scarf at a gypsy's throat,
  Vermilion of southern seas;
Such beauty you loved, O Master,
  You who were Beauty's tool —
There are laurels laid on your memory,
  O tragic, splendid fool!

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MICHELANGELO'S 'LEDA'

DOUBTS have been thrown on the authenticity of the picture called 'Leda,' and assigned to Michelangelo in the National Gallery, London. 'Leda's' foe is M. Maurice Roy, who, besides occupying the position of *Conseiller Référendaire* in the *Cour des comptes*, is also a student of Renaissance art. He asserts that the painting, though unquestionably inspired by Michelangelo and plainly showing his influence, is actually the work of Rosso, and that the real painting from Michelangelo's brush disappeared long since.

The original work by Michelangelo was painted in Florence in 1529 for the Duke of Ferrari, but was actually given by the artist to his pupil, Antonio Minni, who hastened off to Paris to sell the picture to Francis I. The King being absent from the city, the young Italian left the picture with his countryman, Bonnacorsi, who made excuses to retain it.

Beyond this time, M. Roy contends, Michelangelo's painting cannot be traced. Francis I certainly did hang *a* 'Leda' in his château at Fontainebleau — a picture which is frequently referred to as being Michelangelo's work. And in 1740 the Englishman, Lord Spencer, certainly did buy the 'Leda' now in the National Gallery and bring it back to England as an example of Michelangelo's work. It is equally certain that after passing through various English hands the picture came to rest in the National Gallery in 1838, as a gift from the Duke of Northumberland.

Now what is M. Roy's case? He points out that in 1530 Jean-Baptiste de Rossi, better known as Rosso, came to Fontainebleau at the King's command to decorate the château. In the same year the King ordered a picture from him, and presently a picture of 'Leda' was hung in the château, which, says M. Roy, is simply a replica by Rossi of the original which he had seen in 1529 in Michelangelo's studio. Besides this, there is additional proof in the fact that a lawsuit was brought against Bonnacorsi, in whose hands the true Michelangelo had been left, for the restoration of the painting some years after it is supposed to have passed into the King's hands. Moreover, King Francis's letter to Michelangelo, dated 1546, in which the monarch asks for paintings, makes no allusion to the picture which he is supposed to have possessed. In 1625 a further bit of proof turns up. Commander del Pozzo, who accompanied Cardinal Barberini in 1625 to the château, leaves an account of his visit and refers to a 'Leda' inspired by Michelangelo.

Le Matin prints side by side a reproduction of the head and torso of the picture in the National Gallery and also a head and torso from a sixteenth-century print representing the work of Michelangelo. In these, though there can be no question of the relationship between the two pictures, there is certainly no possibility of their identity.

✽

AN ART THEATRE IN BRISTOL

LONDON has no monopoly on the dramatic life of England, a fact of which Bristol has just offered one more comforting proof, though it is already being demonstrated in Birmingham, Sheffield, Norwich, and Liverpool, and until recently in Manchester. The Bristol Corporation has provided a

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building in which a repertory company is to begin a season of thirteen weeks. The Rotary Club of the city, sponsors of the theatre, earnestly disclaim any tendency of highbrowism; but, however they may dislike marketing caviar to the general, they have no more inclination to cater to the mob, and Galsworthy, Milne, St. John Ervine, Sutro, and R. C. Carton are among the playwrights whom they intend to produce.

The most significant thing about the new theatre is its municipal support. The other little theatres of England are purely private enterprises. 'I don't suppose,' says Mr. St. John Ervine pathetically in the *Observer*, 'that the municipal authorities in Sheffield have ever heard of their little theatre or indeed of any theatre except a picture palace.' The excellent little theatres in Birmingham and Liverpool are also without public aid, and although across the Irish Sea William Butler Yeats is trying to make Dublin's Abbey Theatre into an Irish National Theatre, it too is still a private affair.

There is some hope that the increase of the repertory theatres will lead to interchanges of companies and productions between neighboring cities — a plan which would lessen the grueling grind of repertory for the actors.

✤

THE ALL-RUSSIAN SCIENTIFIC CONVENTION

A SCIENTIFIC convention opened in Moscow on November 23, and numbered a hundred and twenty delegates representing altogether some eight thousand scientific workers. Comrade Lunacharskii, Soviet Minister of Arts, greeted the Convention in a speech in which he remarked, among other things, that 'revolution and scholarship are indivisible. The proletariat aims at building the theory and practice of a revolutionary régime upon exact science.'

Comrade Trotskii sent a letter of greeting in which he pointed out the great significance of the questions to be decided by the Convention, and added, 'The important thing nowadays is to adjust scientific thought to the great problems of the moment.' However, 'the young proletariat wants science to pursue a free and unhampered course.'

Then Comrade Zinoviev made a speech on the subject, 'Intellectuals and the Revolution.'

'It is no secret, of course,' said he, 'that up to the present the Revolution and the intellectuals have lived, so to say, in strict separation. Comrade Lenin once said that when the intellectuals sabotaged they were thinking of knowledge as their own exclusive property, and a tool with which to subject the rest of the people. As for ourselves, even in the height of the revolutionary tide we did all in our power to prevent an anti-intellectual spirit from pervading the country. We taught the millions of workers to respect knowledge and to respect the earlier generations of revolutionaries. . . .'

The rest of the speech made it no less evident that henceforth the lion and the lamb are to be fast friends.

✤

ANIMAL ACTORS IN FRENCH FILMS

FRENCH moving-picture producers are paying much more attention than others to the opportunities offered by animal actors. Some time ago a film was produced with a company consisting entirely of animals. Now M. Alfred Machin, who by dint of incredible patience finally managed to produce this film, which he called *Bêtes comme les hommes*, has been equally successful with a new one in which part of his actors are animals and part are human beings. The pet chimpanzee, Auguste, who lives in the park surrounding M. Machin's villa at Nice, is the animal

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star of the production, assisted by a company of four or five of his simian fellows, a dog or two, and human histrions.

The apes were sent to the producer from the jungle, and were tamed and trained until to-day they can sit down at table with a group of children and deport themselves at least no worse than the children. In his latest film, *L'Énigme du Mont Angel*, this ingenious trainer of animals tells the story of a child carried off by an ape to replace a baby ape which has died. The little girl is personified by M. Machin's daughter, eighteen months old. There is a thrilling scene in which the ape leads the child across a narrow bridge between two cliffs, and some other examples of very interesting photography. The ape builds the child a nest of branches, finds it food, protects it from a wandering fox, and flees with it when rescuers seek to find the child.

The chimpanzee actors require quite as much coddling as their human prototypes. They have a special trainer who cares for them all day long, and receive the most careful medical attention and exercises. Only as a special reward are they permitted to eat at their master's table, where, according to *L'Illustration* of Paris, 'they eat with knives, forks, and spoons, display faultless table-manners, and ask to be served with entire politeness.'

What wonder that their owner has taken out insurance policies of one hundred thousand francs on each of their highly civilized lives?

✽

A 'WAVE OF PIETY' AT THE OPÉRA COMIQUE

PROBABLY as a reaction after *Le Hula*, which was anything but pious, the Opéra Comique is submerged beneath what M. Henry Malherbe calls a 'wave of piety.' It does not take much piety, however, to look like a wave in the eyes of a Parisian critic. The merest little ripple is enough, and that is one reason why this particular wave seems to be of tidal proportions.

Two plays with more or less religious atmosphere have succeeded each other, and this, on a stage which, to say the least, is not remarkable for strict puritanism, constitutes the wave. The first was *Sainte Odile*, which is now closed and has been succeeded by *La brebis égarée*. The book is from the catholic and mystic pen of M. Francis Jammes, the music by M. Darius Milhaud, and their joint performance is thus described by M. Malherbe in *Le Temps:*

'Madame, in listening to the work of MM. Francis Jammes and Darius Milhaud you will go on an odd yet agreeable pilgrimage to Béarn. You will find your way into an old and humble village church. You will admire glorious windows and religious paintings of rare and ingenuous freshness. A priestly poet, rural yet refined, who seeks to force himself into the naïvely religious mood of Saint Francis of Assisi, will preach you a capital yet overwhelming sermon on the sin of adultery. In his carefully wrought simplicity he will omit no profane detail to hold your interest. At the same time a musician — disciple of Debussy, to please you better — will shake the old keyboards of an organ adorned with grimacing faces. The shadow of the chapel will be light and pleasant, yet not too veiled in incense. Turning your head you will see through the half-open church door the bending gold and azure line of mountain and sky. You will breathe the odors of the grass and the flowers, and perhaps in this pious and bucolic spectacle you will find consolation rather than boredom.'

This somewhat impressionistic description suggests that the *roman musical*, which tells the story of a man

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and a woman who leave everything for love, and have cause to repent, offers the audience an evening not too full of edification. M. Jammes's poem was published in the *Revue Hebdomadaire* as long ago as 1910 and had a first production at the Théâtre de L'Œuvre.

✽

A NEW BIBLICAL MANUSCRIPT

ALTHOUGH King Tut-ankh-amen dominates that portion of the public mind which inclines to things Egyptian, His defunct Majesty ought to be forced to give up a little corner of the limelight to the Gospel of Saint John — a new manuscript of which, discovered at Qau-el-Kebir, is being deciphered at the British Museum. The new discovery is believed to date from somewhere around the year 400 and is therefore one of the oldest manuscripts of the New Testament. It is also the earliest extant manuscript of Saint John in the Coptic language, though not, of course, older than certain Greek manuscripts.

It was dug up in an old Christian cemetery excavated by Mr. Guy Brunton, representative of the British School of Archæology in Egypt. The cemetery contained Coptic and Roman graves which appeared to have lain undisturbed for at least 1300 years. Inside a rough jar was found a small bundle about the size of a man's fist, wrapped in linen, and obviously containing some Christian scripture in Coptic. Examination of the packet was begun in England by Sir Flinders Petrie, who found that it contained a tall, narrow book of papyrus which had been doubled across and tightly tied, thereby seriously damaging the manuscript. After a fortnight's skillful treatment, however, Sir Flinders has been able to separate the fragile leaves from one another. He found that there were forty-three leaves, most of them in good condition, written on both sides in Coptic letters. The numbers of the pages indicate that there must once have been nearly a hundred. The book is beautifully written, and the height of the page and condition of the book suggest that it was a church copy.

Coptic is written in Greek characters with half a dozen extra letters, so that the manuscript can easily be compared with the oldest of the Greek Biblical manuscripts. These are the Codex Vaticanus, now at the Vatican in Rome, which is assigned to the second century A.D., the Codex Sinaiticus, now in Petrograd, — although thanks to Professor Kirsopp Lake's pains photographic copies are now available throughout the world, — and the Codex Alexandrinus, now in the British Museum.

The British School of Archæology is now preparing an edition of the 'new' manuscript which will contain photographs of the pages, a transcript of the text in ordinary Coptic type, a literal translation into English, and a critical discussion.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Les Inédits, by F. Dostoevskii. Translation by J. W. Bienstock. Paris: Librairie Stock, 1923.

[*Le Mercure de France*]

When the archives of the old Russian censorship were plundered, the discovery of a number of unpublished Dostoevskii manuscripts aroused great curiosity in Europe, and the Soviets did not fail to give this bit of news clever publicity. Not without mystery was it whispered almost everywhere that the documents which had been discovered consisted wholly of unpublished matter, and that they would compel a complete revision of the judgments that had been made on Dostoevskii's work. Since that time we have had to reduce our expectations. *Les Inédits* are not lacking in interest — nothing from the pen of a genius can be indifferent — but they bring practically nothing that is new. Merezhkovskii, Shestov, Gide, and Suarès will not have to revise the excellent studies that they have devoted to the personality of Fedor Mikhailovich, and Remy de Gourmont, if he were still in this world, would consider him none the less a barbarian. Yet it seems to me that the most precious portion of *Les Inédits* is the memoirs of Mme. Dostoevskaia. These, taken together with the correspondence, offer a source of documentation which may serve for a future biography of the writer.

Letters of Thomas Carlyle to John Stuart Mill, John Sterling, and Robert Browning. Edited by Alexander Carlyle. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1923. 25*s*.

[*Spectator*]

These letters, following so closely upon the heels of the first volume of Mr. Wilson's new *Life*, should dispel the chatter which has enveloped a great name ever since Froude's transgression. Stamped with that homely, sleepless sincerity which gives weight even to his most prejudiced words, Carlyle's correspondence must always stand high among his collected works. In the intimacy of letters he shed most of his vices, his distempered, histrionic barbarism, his too frequent snarl in later days of saturnine obliquity. There is to be found here little of that Gothic grotesqueness with which he sallied forth to fell the 'gigman' in the public lists. The tone, as in the best of his work, is never shrill; the truth of the man, like a river sunk from flood level, flows on in full but never flustered motion.

Few letters show the sterling manhood of Carlyle in clearer light than that in which, on the day following the tragic incident of the burned MS., he writes to comfort his friend in his agony of mind. The attraction of these two natures for one another is surprising but understandable. The punctilious, sequent, incontrovertible Mill appealed by contrast to one who all his days had to strive breathlessly to pen an instinctive chaos within a rational cosmos. And, although Mill's humanitarianism must have seemed to Carlyle a trifle chilly, the quiet, industrious sincerity of the man plainly touched his heart.

We have left ourselves little space in which to refer to the other letters. Those to Sterling are fully as enthralling and illuminating, and we dare venture that the last of them is the noblest letter of parting from this world that ever beat its way from one man's heart to another's. The Browning letters are few and less intimate. They contain, however, a most interesting, typical, and controvertible assault on Shelley. The whole series is rich in contemporary criticisms both profound and wrong-headed, but always vital, and in those brief, pungent portraits, whether objective or subjective, of which Carlyle was a master and never so much so as when he wrote, as here, without a touch of self-consciousness.

To read these letters, falling forty-two years after his death into a world of bleached formulas and desiccated doubts, is to take heart and brace the muscles. They are excellently edited, and although they may not convince the reader, anticipating the thunders of an enraged prophet, that Carlyle was, as he writes, 'at bottom a very inoffensive sort of a fellow,' they cannot fail to convey the truly Titan dimensions of his stature.

The Sayings of Queen Elizabeth, by Frederick Chamberlin. London: Lane, 1923. 16*s*.

[*English Review*]

Mr. Chamberlin gives with one hand, and withholds with the other. He is enthusiastic but careless, sometimes classifies badly, accepts debatable matter, omits valuable, and cuts up utterances that need their context. There is also a weakness in the one-sided method that his interpolations fail to remedy. Even Elizabeth's detractors could hardly hope for a more unfair presentation of her eighteen years' preservation of Mary's life than appears here. We need Mary's letters

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and words to prove the uselessness of forbearance toward a born mischiefmaker.

For the debatable matter, it must be remembered that speeches which have passed through several mouths need weighing. Jacobean historians were often sycophantic. To prove how high feeling still runs, a book has been published this very year giving a letter of Elizabeth's with one word altered, so as to distort the meaning. How much more so, then, when that great heretic was a living memory.

Perhaps some day an historian will rise to point out the defection of the famous Association, which behaved about as ingloriously as Adam in the Garden of Eden. Among the regrettable omissions is the Armada Thanksgiving Prayer, with its thrilling invocation for 'this my kingdom,' that it may flourish 'many ages after my end.' A book to be read, and in future editions supplemented.

Islam at the Crossroads, by Rev. De Lacy O'Leary, D.D. London: Kegan Paul, 1923. 6*s.* 0*d.*

[*Times*]

Dr. O'Leary gives instances and quotes examples which lead the reader to realize that to the Oriental, and particularly the Moslem Oriental, it is truly a case of *Angleterre voilà l'ennemi*. To those curious who ask why, having in mind an honorable record, in our own eyes, in India and Egypt, Dr. O'Leary, who has closely studied his subject, gives answer. And his answer, which properly occupies several pages of his book, may perhaps be put more briefly in this wise. We have considered our administrators and soldiers in Moslem lands as the salt of the earth. The Moslem has accepted the definition, and so long as that salt was sparingly applied he found the savor of the resultant dish to be not altogether displeasing to him. But when salt was imported by the ton he was nauseated by the taste and revolted against the diet.

Dr. O'Leary suggests that our system of educating Orientals on lines developed for Occidentals may need revision; that we should not so eagerly expose the crudities of our island civilization to those who consider it unseemly and rather barbarous; and that we should hand-pick those of our race who are to maintain or rather rebuild its prestige in the eyes of exacting Asiatics. He points out that the system of education specially arranged for young Arab, Egyptian, and Turkish law students at Lyon is calculated to make them even more critical of the British and all their works than they are as Moslems. It has been very clear during the last few years that very many Moslems, if they could agree upon nothing else, could at least unite in detestation of the British, and maintain at least the semblance of a 'Moslem Nation' for our discomfiture.

Sources and Documents Illustrating the American Revolution, 1764–1788, and the Formation of the Federal Constitution. Selected and edited by S. E. Morison. London and New York: Oxford University Press, 1923.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

Mr. Morison has aimed at including in his book all the absolutely essential documents, such as the Declaration of Independence and the Federal Constitution; the more important acts, resolutions, state constitutions, royal instructions, and the like; and, lastly, examples of 'the more human varieties of source material' — such as speeches, letters, pamphlets, documents illustrating the relations with the Indians, and petitions from the frontiersmen. The last-named are particularly human; there are many who will sympathize with the 'Regulators' of North Carolina who in 1769 petitioned the King that, among many other things, 'lawyers be effectually barr'd from exacting and extorting fees.'

The object of the book being to elucidate the Revolution rather than the War of Independence, military and diplomatic subjects have not been included in it. On the other hand, a large section at the end is devoted to the six years after the war, when the Revolution received its logical conclusion in the Federal Constitution. A very useful appendix gives the amendments to the Constitution of the United States, including the eighteenth, which enforced 'Prohibition,' and the nineteenth, by which it was enacted that there should be no sex disqualification for the vote imposed either by the United States or by any State.

BOOKS MENTIONED

Shaw, Bernard. *Saint Joan*. New York Brentano's, 1924. $2.25. For early publication.

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